

Mocca

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Mocca

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

“Now I’m curious, what kinda rules could the pretty blonds have,” George says almost mocking.

“Well- you for one,” she starts, pointing a finger at the brunette, “Can’t touch Dream,” George’s eyes snap up to the latter boy, the brit looked mildly amused, not offended — even though one probably should be at a statement like that.

“Oh?” He asks, looking Dream dead in the eyes with a little grin, “How come?”

“I'm not into guys,” Dream says as sternly as he can, but still sounding a little breathless, “So I don't want guys touching me.” He finishes, a little weak.

George's eyes widen impossibly more as he watches Dream flush pretty pink under his freckles — both boys knowing damn well that their dicks filled with blood during their stare-off.

Dream and his girl have a threesome with George, he can't stop looking at the boy. A lot of internalized homophobia.

Notes

I had a lot of fun writing this!

A HUGE FUCKING thanks to [Roo](#) and [Mal](#)

Holy shit if Roo hadn't shown me how to actually write a fic in the beginning I don't think I would have posted this at all. Same goes for Mal, if she hadn't betaed my fic and given me tips, this fic wouldn't have existed.

[MY TWITTER](#)

YALL IM EMBERSSED BY MY WRITING IN THIS, i have grown, last chapter is nice tho

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Curiosity killed the cat

Lounging on the couch, sprawled out, when a resounding bang echoed through the city apartment.

“Babe!”

“On the couch!” he sighed, the sound was as expected; his girlfriend coming home from work. It wasn't that he was disappointed by her presence, he was simply tired.

She appeared in the doorway with a simple “Hi,” smile bright as ever.

His life was great, every man's dream: an apartment, money, a girlfriend that loved him. Really, he had nothing to complain about, maybe things were a little gray, *but wasn't everyone's life like that?* So he stayed put — just floating through life.

“What’s got you all smiling?” He couldn't help the upturn of his own lips seeing her like this. A true beauty, his mother always told him — wavy blond locks flowing down to her breasts, chocolate brown eyes crinkling with her smile.

Beautiful .

Beautiful indeed, the whole reason they got together in the first place. It wasn't love at first sight — *there were no rose-tinted glasses* . It was purely for status and looks, the classic story of an cheerleader and a football captain; *the trophy couple* .

Years in the future, petty high school drama long forgotten in the past — here he still was, *with her* . Rose-tinted glasses still nowhere in sight, but he was *happy* - as happy as one could be he supposed.

Now in a two-story city apartment in the middle of Orlando — instead of a shitty rundown college dorm. He didn't care much for the design where they lived, his girl always took care of that anyway. She had her fun with it, liking the muted earthy colors — he earned the money for her to splurge on decorations. Not in that way, they both worked, of course, Dream’s job just earned more.

“Nothing, just missed you,” still a twinkle on her lips as she trekked towards the couch, ending up right in front of him.

~~Beautiful~~ Objectively beautiful.

“Oh yeah?” Dream forced a smile, grabbing her waist — pulling her down with him on the couch, giggling she let out a soft “yeah.”

“What got you missing me, Mia?” Dream cooed, hands still on her waist they leaned closer — smirk evident on her face as she ghosted cherry lips over Dream’s. *Tease* .

“Nothing really, this guy came in on my work today actually...” He hummed in response while running his lips over her sharp, yet soft jaw with feather-light touches. “Handsome guy really, even asked for my num—” she began, before Dream had grabbed her thighs and flipped them over in one fluid motion. She finished in a hushed giggle, “—number.”

He knows what game she's playing, they do it all the time. Riling each other up, making the other angry — ending up with them fucking each other to the point of seeing stars. Not that some guy asking his girlfriend for her number really angered Dream, or even made him jealous. It probably should, but he didn’t think much of it. But they liked to pretend; for the sake of rough sex.

Their sex life was mediocre at best — nothing *all* too kinky, rough though.

Definitely rough.

There was just this little problem with it. Dream had trouble getting it up. Of course, he could get hard. It just took some...time. A lot of foreplay, *a lot* of grinding and touching to even get *close* . Both are fully aware of the *problem* , but never really spoke about it.

Mia was extremely accepting when it came to the hardships in bed. That Dream couldn't get his dick hard like normal was only a surprise in the beginning — over the years they managed to work around it. *it wasn't a big of a deal; it always got up in the end.*

“Yeah? Did he now?” He asked with a low chuckle, already knowing the answer. Dream lifted his

face from her neck, licking over his teeth slowly he found her staring intently at the gray wall, deep in thought — pink lip rolling between white canines.

Beautiful , *as mother would say.*

Plastering kisses all over her face as he asks, “what,” *kiss*, “are,” *kiss*, “you,” *kiss*, “thinking,” *kiss*, “about,” he finishes with a light nibble to her jaw — soothing over the bite with his tongue.

Humming in acknowledgment she sits up on her elbows.

“Love you, ‘s all,” Mia said a little breathlessly. Not answering verbally — he instead gives her a slow peck on the lips, “mmph”. She knows what I mean.

“I know you do, now tell me.”

Studying his freckles as she whispers out a weak “I was just thinking about bedroom stuff.”

Oh?

“What kinda ‘bedroom stuff’ are you thinking about, princess?” Grinding down his hips for emphasis, returning to attack at her neck.

Being the responsive girl she is — she moans out, “I love the sex we have,” *debatable* . “And I love how you make me feel.” *Where is this going?* “I... I just always wanted to try something out.” Licking a stripe up her throat, tank top already sliding off her shoulder, “mm, I bet there is, can't stop thinking about cock, huh?” Dream teases, she can definitely feel the toothy smirk against her neck.

“Clay.” Gets called out sternly, the use of his real name halting his moment. “I'm being serious, I wanna try this out.”

What ?

‘Babe, you need to tell me what *it is* you wanna try out before you get all bossy,” arguably, a little annoyed at her antics.

“I-” she falters.

“You?”

“I wanna get fucked by two people at once!” She rushes out, back at staring at the gray wall — emmbarsed.

Opening and closing his mouth repeatedly dumbfounded. *She what?*

Why would she want that? Has she been thinking about this long?

Am I not good enough?

Does she like girls? What girl we know would even be up for that...Well, her friend Stacy probably wouldn't m—

A harsh sensation of teeth sinking in the junction between his neck where his shirt has ridden down brings him back to reality. With an expectant look, she opens her mouth to speak before getting cut off, “Like - like a threesome?” Still a little confused.

Grin is evident on toxic lips as she speaks up, “there you go, yes, exactly Dream.” Her embarrassed state is long gone, confidence seeping back into her bloodstream, “I wanna have sex-” she began with a light nibble to his jaw. In a slow, sultry tone “-with two people at the same time.”

Dreams' eyes widen at the concept, pushing her away as he sits back on his heels, “W-what do you mean?” he breaths out.

“What do you not understand?” She’s reaching out for him again. “You, me, and a third party-” licking her teeth, “double the fun.”

Holy shit.

She's being serious.

“I... I mean, I get it, I just didn't know you were into girls-”

He didn't get to finish before his girlfriend spoke up again, “What? No — of course not — I'm not into girls.”

Then what... Breaking his train of thoughts she continues “I wanna find a guy who's up for it.”

Oh.

Fuck no.

Not a chance.

“What the fuck do you mean u wanna find another guy!” Raising his voice, “I'm not into guys! Get that shit out of here, that's not happening!” He almost belts defensively.

“Jesus, calm the fuck down,” angry green meeting confused chocolate brown ones, “I never said you were into guys,” She starts softly, cupping his face trying to bring him close, “just hear me out, baby.” A soft peck on a freckled cheek.

A mix of emotions swirls around Dream's head, the concept of another guy in a sexual setting freaking him out - sending his mind floating. Feeling like he's getting dragged under a wave of thoughts, drowning.

“N-no, that's weird as fuck, why would you think - no - I'm not - I can't -” He trails off, detaching himself from his girlfriend, pushing her down. “I need, I-I have this client who needs a-a, I- yeah.”

“Clay,” voice soft as she stands to go with him.

“No, are you crazy?” He states sternly, starting to walk away before a hand grabs his own.

“Please? For me?” Trying her hardest at puppy dog eyes — alas with no effect on Dream.

“No. Get away. I'm gonna go shower.” And with that, he was on his way - away from this room, this conversation.

Laying it dead.

She looks slightly confused by her boyfriend's outrage for a second before she slips a soft, “Curiosity killed the cat, Clay.” As he slammed the door.

A soft blue glow illuminated Dream's features as he sat typing away. It's been a week since Mia brought up the idea of a threesome. She had been nagging him about it ever since. Not asking about it - no - she's been planting scenarios in his head.

“Don't you wanna watch me get ruined?”

“Or you can show him that you fuck me better than him.”

“Wanna ride your stupid cock while he fucks me from behind.”

“Want you fucking me while I gag and scream your name around his cock.”

Groaning as he drags his hands through the dirty blond locks. Sitting in his office, shirtless in sweatpants — trying to finish up this code before his clientele would need it. He could do that

working from home - there were no dress codes, and he certainly wasn't insecure. Tall and slightly muscular, he supposes he wouldn't be insecure or jealous if they were to have a threesome with another dud-

Stop.

What the fuck are you thinking, Dream.

So here he sits, annoyed with himself for not being able to stop thinking about that *stupid fucking three-way*. The thoughts snaking their way in his brain no matter the circumstances — like venom sinking in his veins. While eating, driving, cleaning — while fucking his god damn girlfriend. It plagued his mind like a sickness that can't be cured.

Staring at a mess of numbers and code he sighs, “fuck this...” exiting the file - and slowly opens incognito mode.

Curiosity killed the cat.

Finding the threesome tag was easy, now it is just finding a video, and it seemed nothing piqued his interest — before — *Tight little pussy gets destroyed by two cocks.*

“Jesus,” he exclaims out loud, barely above a whisper without meaning to. Fuck it, he thinks — clicking on it. *Curiosity definitely killed the cat.*

In the middle of the bed — *fully dressed* — sits a curvy redhead girl, his mother would probably call her beautiful as well, laughing at his train of thought as he skips forward.

Now there were two guys accompanying her, one brunette and one blond, the latter guy got his tongue deep in the girl's throat — while the other... *Shit.*

Dream swallowed as he looked at the brunette, sitting almost naked on his knees palming himself through the confinements of black boxers. Subconsciously, Dream brings a hand to rest over his own groin — surprised to find he already got half a chub going from the concept.

How ?

“This is so weird,” A little freaked out to find he's actually managed to get half hard when the girl is still mostly dressed. Not even realizing he's been looking at the outline of the lonely guy's hard dick. Trailing his eyes over the guy's skinny body he lands on his face — pale with a sharp jaw, dark eyes already staring at the camera, making Dream's breath hitch.

Internally freaking out he looks over to the girl, who's fully undressed now. *When did that happen?* Her back turned towards the camera while sucking the blond off. He spends some seconds looking at the girl's exposed ass before quickly switching his focus to the blond.

This one is also holding eye contact with hooded eyes towards the camera, he opened his mouth in a small grin, licking his tongue slowly over the sharp canines — like he somehow knows what effect he has on Dream. Like he knows the panic he feels, not being able to tear his eyes away. The panic only gets worse when he feels himself growing under his palm — but he keeps his hand there regardless.

The blond starts reaching behind himself with one hand, while the other is occupied with red hair. *What is he doing?*

His questions were quickly answered when a skinny pale brunette drapes himself over the blond's back from behind. Trailing his skinny fingers from the blond's lower stomach, *up, up, up* to his pecs — circling his nipples, while his other dainty hand lay across the larger man's neck. Squeezing slightly as he nibbles on his lover's ear, staring deeply in the camera, mischief glinting in the black irises.

Dream was hypnotized watching these two guys operate, palming himself as he watched unconsciously, the girl totally forgotten about. The petite arm around his neck goes to cup his face instead, turning him slightly so the two boys can look at each other. Inching forward smiling, holding eye contact — they ghost their lips against each other-

With a small grunt coming deep within Dream's chest, he pauses the video, rips his hands away from his now fully hard cock. He let out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

What the fuck.

Closing out of the dark grey chrome tabs, out of pure desperation and everything just feeling *too much*. Leaning forward, elbows on his knees — feeling the salty sweat along his hairline, cock throbbing against its confines as he contemplates.

Maybe a threesome wouldn't be so bad? His head was spinning, mostly over the fact he managed to get hard. Is a threesome really turning him on this much?

He could never bring up the fact a porno worked to get his blood pumping — when not even the real deal did it for him. He's never felt so guilty over a boner before, usually, the couple would look at it as a godsend — an early christmas if you will.

So why now?

“Mia!” He shouts while jogging down the stairs from his office. It's been two days since he watched that film — porno, he couldn't get his head to shut up about it. It still plagues him like a chronic illness, more so now after the matter. It was like a rash growing inside his brain, itching and spreading.

And he needed to itch it.

There she stands in all her glory, the reason for his rash. Cooking dinner, because of course she is — always so perfect. He slammed his palms on the counter beside her, making her jump on reflex, “What the fuck Clay!”

“Let's do it,” he says sternly, a little annoyed, for reasons cant put a finger on.

Mia grinned cheekily with a quirk to her blond eyebrow, “do what dream?” She sings songs, fully knowing the answer — Dreams flush confirming her suspicion.

“The fucking threesome, you wanted it so bad, so l-lets do it,” She smiled brighter at that, but before she could respond Dream continued, “but I have one rule, and that fucking lover boy you’re gonna pick out better listen!” Confidence seeped into Dream’s pores, he had his mind set, he was gonna do as his girlfriend wished — just to scratch that stupid itch.

She turned off the stove as she grabbed one of Dream's hands, brought it up to her lips with a soft peck to his knuckles. “And what is the rule, baby?” she cooed, starting to kiss along his index finger — sucking at the tip. It didn’t arouse Dream in the slightest — probably what she tried to achieve, but he let her do her thing.

“He ain't touching me, kissing me, or feeling me up in any way.” He said harshly before ripping his hand away from her, “do you understand?”

She looked shocked for a second before being replaced with a smirk, “oh, but he’s such a good looking guy, are you sure about that, Dream?” Toothy smirk on her face.

Wait what?

“What the fuck do you mean ‘he’?” He said slowly, pressing into her personal space — caging her in, “*tsk, have you already talked to someone?*” *So close they could smell each others breaths, but not in a sexual way.*

She fucking talked to someone already.

“I-it wasn't like that Dream-” he’s just silently staring at her, watching her fumble her words, “I-I knew you would change your mind, so I downloaded this d-dating app, put both our pictures-” she continued her ramble, Dream tuned her out as he started walking towards the bar stools.

Am I a bad boyfriend for not caring that she went on a dating app?

“Holy shit,” He said under his breath.

“W-what?” Mia stuttered out, looking like a deer caught in headlights.

Groaning, he sits down on the chair, “I don't care, as long as he doesn't touch me, I don't want a guy feeling me up.” He could see the way a smirk was forming on her lips, “don't make your situation worse than it is, Mia.” He said with a cold look, “You fucking went on a dating app, if you start running your mouth I will leave and go to my mom's.”

She seemed to get the point, “y-yeah you're right, he will listen, don't worry,” she softly says with a weak smile, “go shower and I'll call him over?” She asked, almost as if she's scared of the answer.

Dream furrowed his eyebrows in shock, *did she want to do it now?* “Well, I mean, fuck, ok?” She seemed a little too eager in his opinion, also the fact that his girlfriend was already talking to someone, on a *dating app*. But for some reason, he couldn't find it in him to care. Just wanting to get it done with.

Standing in front of the mirror he combs through his medium-long slightly damp hair, the air in the room heavy and humid after the shower — even though the shower was fifteen minutes ago. But he knew what was waiting for him down in the living room.

That fucking guy probably sitting there thinking he's the shit. He thinks while throwing on a white plain hoodie, black baggy jeans already on. One last look in the mirror before opening the door.

Stepping outside the bathroom he almost stumbled into his girlfriend, “There you are, what took you so long, George has been waiting for ages.” she says annoyed, like she had any reason to be.

What a fucking name is George?

“Yeah yeah, whatever, let's go,” He says as he trails his eyes over her body, *booty shorts and a singlet, of course she would wear that, attention-seeking little-*

“Okay, remember I love you,” she says softly with a kiss, smiling against his lips she continued, “now let us go have some mind-blowing sex.” With a hit to his biceps, she wandered off, not before Dream could reciprocate the slap to her ass.

Giggling as they entered the living room. Dream wrapped an arm around his girlfriend's waist, stopping in the entryway as he saw *him* — lean skinny type, average height. He was leaning back on the black couch, arms spread out on either side of the cushions — legs spread open, an inviting position. Dressed well too — baggy black hoodie with a white shirt underneath, fitted with beige baggy cargo pants.

Walking towards the couch, he let go of Mia. He kept studying the smaller's body for a while — he could tell even though the boy was sitting, that dream would be bigger than him in every sense. Tracing his eyes up to the face of this ‘George’ — he found an extremely defined jawline, wide mouth with plum lips set in a toothy smirk. Brown eyes watching him, set of fluffy short — but not too short dark brown hair on top of his head.

His eyes were brown as mocca, while Mia's were as milk chocolate.

George cleared his throat as Dream sat down on the couch opposite of this new boy, “I got two pretty blondes to play with tonight?” He said with a surprising British accent.

He halted for a brief second — taken aback, “you ain't playing with shit,” Dream said with a grunt, though the brunette didn't flatter, his white smirk only grew — staring Dream down. “Oh, I think that's where you're wrong, *Dream* .” His accent thick saying the blond's name.

As Dream went to answer, Mia sat down beside the brit — he watched as the brunette snaked an arm around her waist, laying his other hand on his thigh, still holding eye contact with him — never wavering. His grin only grew wider when he saw how Dream watching the action, running a plush pink tongue ever so slowly over his white fangs.

Just like that guy did in the- stop. This prompted Dream to subconsciously spread his thighs wider where he sat in front of the brunette, shifting his hips slightly forward.

Evident by their close proximity, and the fact this stranger already knew his name — that Mia has

talked with him for a while. Again, not caring about the fact his girl talked to someone else, and that someone else has an arm around her waist. More entertained watching the other boy.

“Can you guys stop fighting over dominance via a staring contest? You're both gonna get your dicks wet.” Mia half laughed, leaning back into the couch.

George finally breaking his gaze looked down at her, “Kiss my neck,” the britt started, looking up at Dream once before continuing in a husky voice, “give me some hickies, sweetheart, I wanna see how your boyfriend gonna react,” he moved the hand on her waist to her blond locks. “Need to figure out how jealous he is before we set the ground rules.”

There were now four eyes on Dream, watching him expectantly, “uh w-why would I mind? I don't care.” He breathed out, shock painted Mia's face by the response furrowed her light brows — George's face on the other hand looked surprised for a second, before getting replaced with that stupid smirk again, eyes slightly more hooded now.

The britt let out a low "mmm" in acknowledgment, trailing his eyes over Dream's body, openly eye fucking him — only in view of Dream to notice the way the brunette scanned over his figure, smile only growing.

“What do you mean you don't care?” His girlfriend spoke up, *shit yeah that probably sounded bad*, he was just too focused on George to care, “I-I mean go for it, I trust you and I-I...I love you,” Dream finished, ending the sentence in a whisper, uncomfortable saying those things out loud.

George let out a cute little snort, *wait cute?* “You heard him, princess, mark me up, then we set the rules.”

“Oh,” she said softly, glancing at Dream before going in for the kill, shifting his eyes up to the brit, he found him already staring at him — smile only growing when he found Dream looking back at him again. He saw out of the corner of his eyes that the hand the man had on his girlfriend moved to her lower back towards her ass. Still, Dream kept eyes locked on mocca, not interested in watching him feel her up.

George looked ecstatic when he saw how determined the blond was, he chuckled — letting out a gravely, “mm you're doing so good, baby.” Enjoying the praise the girl responded by licking a stripe up his throat — dragging down the brunettes hoodie, attacking his collar bones.

He felt like he was going crazy, *was the brunette talking to me or her?*

Dream let out a deep sigh as he shifted his hips slightly forward again, laying a hand on his own thigh — eyes still never leaving each other while his girlfriend attacked this stranger's neck, then Dream saw something out of the corner of his eye again. This time though, it wasn't the brits hand on his girlfriend, it was George squeezing his own thigh.

Finally breaking the heated gaze — he looked down to where he was squeezing, it didn't go unnoticed by the brunette at all — it was the reaction he wanted. Dream watched as he slowly, oh so slowly, inched his hand higher and higher up his thigh — giving a squeeze to himself right at the top of his inner thigh by his junk.

Dream bit his lips at this, starting feeling his cock perk in attention, *what the fuck*, staring intently as the brunette slowly dragged two fingers over where his balls would have been — had he been naked, then agonizingly slow dragging them over his shaft — circling at the tip of his cock — all the way to his waist line, dipping his slender fingers in, before resting is hand once again.

The blond boy's breathing became more and more shallow as he fists his hands on top of his thighs, watching as the brunette's cock slightly hardened through his beige pants.

Panicked — Dream dragged his hoodie to lay over his crotch, looking back up only to find mocca brown eyes watching him closely with a knowing smile, “You're so hot, blondie.” George groaned staring at him still, Dream narrows his eyes at the other boy as he.. as he fucking winked at him.

“Mm yeah, you think I'm hot british boy?” Mia cooes as she leaves George's abused neck, the brunette flatters for a second, almost as if he forgot she was there — before quickly sapping back to reality, tightening his grip on her waist, “of course baby.”

That brings Dream back to earth as well, remembering where he was. *Holy shit what was that* . Both boys sitting there with slightly harder dicks after their little staring contest.

“Dream?” Mia asks, with slight concern in her voice, “are you ok?”

“I, fuck - no! I mean! - yes, y-yeah! I'm good. I'm good.” He says, clearing his throat, “that was fine, I promise.” Looking at his girlfriend now, refusing to look at the other boy. “Should we, like, get started on rules and shit?” he attempts, slightly more composed.

“Now I'm curious, what kinda rules could the pretty blonds have,” George says almost mocking.

“Well- *you* for one,” she starts, pointing a finger at the brunette, “can't touch Dream,” George's eyes snap up to the latter boy, the brit looked mildly amused, not offended — even though one probably should be at a statement like that.

“Oh?” He asks, looking Dream dead in the eyes with a little grin, “how come?”

“I'm not into guys,” Dream says as sternly as he can, but still sounding a little breathless from the staring contest with said brunette, “so I don't want guys touching me.” He finishes, a little weak.

George looks like he's experiencing a hundred emotions at once; Amusement, disbelief, disappointment, understanding. Ending up with wide eyes and mouth agape in shock — just staring at Dream, “You-”

He doesn't get to finish before Mia speaks up again, “we also need a lot of playing around before getting into it,” she sighs softly before continuing, “Dream has trouble... getting it up.”

George's eyes widen impossibly more as he watches Dream flush pretty pink under his freckles — both boys knowing damn well that their dicks filled with blood during their stare-off.

“Yeah I'm...wow, you-” he starts but trails off, hitting his thigh lightly, “Jesus Christ,” he mutters under his breath, “you guys - I'm, wow - ok, so please tell me why you have this *problem*, Dream.” He finally finishes.

“I-I had since forever, during my sex life, but me and Mia h-have been dating since the start high school, so we... we always worked around it.” Dream babbles while the brunette just stares at him in disbelief — almost pity behind mocca irises, “it's medical we believe, a lot of sucking soft dick for ages until it gets hard, or! Viagra - but we don't have any right now, this was kinda spontaneous.” Mia pipes up gesturing to the room, smiling brightly.

George looks like he had a lot he wanted to say, and *he definitely did*. But ended up letting out a low chuckle, scanning Dream's body with a shake of his head, “you know what, you'll figure it out.” he laughed once again.

“What?” The blond couple asked in unison. “Nothing, nothing, anything else? Safe words, kinks,

you wanna tell me?" The brit simply responds instead.

Dream is the one to speak up now, "uh no, we just use red and yellow for safe words, I'm guessing you know about that?" Forest green eyes meeting mocca brown once again, George letting a hum in acknowledgment, "ok and our kinks, well, we just like it really rough, nothing too kinky to start with,"

Mia interrupts with, "maybe for the second time we can go kinkier," she smiles seductively, the brunette simply looks down at her with a smirk back, "mm maybe so, well am into anything, I'm really into talk though, praise, degradation... You name it," George finishes before looking up at a smiling Dream.

"I think we can manage that perfectly, don't worry british boy." The blond boy says with a smirk of his own — feeling the confidence overtaking his body again, "well," he starts, clasping his hands together, "let's go to the bedroom shall we."

They all stumbled over each other into the bedroom — feet shuffling on the grey carpet, moody lightning to match the emotions flowing through the air. With a glance at the new stranger added to the equation, Dream slams his girlfriend against the door — he can smell the sickeningly sweet scent of rose on her blond strands, making his guts churn.

"You're so desperate," he breaths, everything feeling too sugary for his liking, "you'll go for two cocks huh?" even sweeter perfume sticking to his lips as he kissed up her neck, "finding some fucking random british guy on a," a harsh bite, "fucking dating app?" He finished with a slight nibble to her ear — leg slotting between her thighs.

"I'm sorry Dreamie-" she sang teasingly. Not able to pinpoint how he feels about the whole situation, excitement running through his veins — at the same time this ugly yellow festers in his chest.

"Tsk, I don't care," feeling up her sides as he looks over his shoulder, catching mocca eyes on his own, sitting on the edge of the bed observing. Half hard dick already prominent in the birts beige

pants. To make matters worse, the brunette spread his legs, shifting his hips forward — showing off the hardness proudly with a smile dancing on his face.

He's normally able to keep his cool in times like these, get his dick hard then wet. Whisper some sweet nothings while euphoria overtakes her body, it didn't matter if *he* reached his end. But now, he has an extra set of coffee eyes watching, making his bones buzz in ways he can't explain.

Dream feels himself stiffen, realising his girlfriend where he had her against the door he continues, “fuck- just take off your clothes,” voice deep laced with want, surprising even himself, “Both of you. Shirts off.” Ripping his own hoodie off for good measure, forgotten on the floor alongside his dignity.

Mia looks a bit dumbfounded at the sudden change, probably expecting the tease — but follows his command nonetheless. Gaze traveling from chocolate to mocca, “mm, as you wish blondie.” The other boy cooes, playfulness evident in his voice, ripping his hoodie and undershirt off in one go.

Chest milky pale with purple hues, his paleness half reminding the blond of pretty sparkling moonshine. Licking his lips — watching as pink buds perk up by the chilly air. Dream had been right, he is bigger than him in every sense. Seeing as he easily could wrap his hands around the smaller boy's waist. Clenching his fist with the thought.

Standing in front of the edge of the bed for god knows how long — Dream didn't realize he was staring until his girlfriend started placing open-mouthed kisses on his exposed chest. *Where did she come from?*

Surprised, he rips his eyes away from George's slightly toned upper body. Turning down to find his girlfriend slowly kissing her way down the muscles on his lower stomach. He wonder if mother would call her beautiful like this.

Sitting behind her is none other than George himself, spreading his legs in a way to give her space — pants still on, outline of his dick clearly visible now as he stands closer, and *fuck* — looking up he feels like a kid caught stealing candy. That stupid toothy grin plaster on his sculpted face again.

Piercing mocca never backing down as Mia carefully unbuckles his belt — slowly pulling Dream out of his pants, slower than he cared for. Not minding for her feather-light touches, a small gasp makes him look down for a split second, breaking away from inviting brown - and oh, *he's almost hard.*

Gasping makes sense now, seeing as her normally soft boyfriend was actually pumping blood to his dick, “you got me all excited with the threesome talk, baby, I guess it's our lucky day.” He excuses it as all the teasing she had done for the past weeks.

“Wow Dreamie, you must be really excited to see me get rui-” she starts before getting a harsh hand in her hair — pulling hard on golden locks, “suck it.” He didn't know why, but her talking was making his gut twist —*and* he was horny as fuck wanting his dicked sucked. *She loves the rough treatment, he knows she does.*

She did as told with a teasing smile, no questions asked; feeling slender fingers wrap around the base of his cock. With a roll to his head, “there you go, princess, good-” he looked down before finishing his sentence, finding the brunette looking at him with glossy eyes, “-good...girl.” George's smile flatters slightly at the words — tips of his eyebrows perking up, looking like a dog who just got a treat.

Shit.

He studies everything about the innocent look the brunette gives off, he's seen his girlfriend doe eyes a hundred times in the past, and probably gonna see it for a lifetime more. But a stranger's eyes send pink electricity shooting up his stomach. It's probably because it's something new — new and different, he concludes.

So she sucks on the tip, toying with the slit as a spit-slicked hand reaches for the rest, going at a steady pace off the batt. He's not complaining about starting off fast, it's what they always did.

George's puppy dog look disappeared, much to Dream's dismay. Confident persona overtaking again, holding unwavering eye contact as he leans back with one hand him on the dark bed sheets - stretching his body, and the other - *fuck*.

The other hand back on his clothed thigh, slowly traveling towards his stiffened length trapped under beige. He starts thrusting his hips into his girlfriend's mouth, “that's it, keep going - holy shit,” cock twitching in her mouth, ending the sentence with a small moan

Dream didn't even know who he was talking to at this point — hoping it comes off as casual dirty talk to his girl, and not some random stranger she found online.

George however, smirked harder, mocca eyes locked on hooded green as he palmed himself, once, twice — letting out a beautiful sounding gasp, cherry rolling between pearly whites.

Dream stutters his hips hard, grabbing onto her hair — grabbing anything to ground himself. Watching George while getting sucked off proved to be a more difficult task than expected. *Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.*

He never felt this desire in the bedroom before — he had sex to *please her*, finding sex rather boring for himself. But now, with some british boy with a strong gaze, he can't help the sound emitting from his chest.

Slowly — sensually even, George splayed his palm flat on his lower abdomen, dragging it up to his chest, landing it loosely around his own — still hickey covered neck, whimpered as he pressed on one of the bruises. The look on the blond's face was almost pleading watching the action.

Visuals mixed with his girlfriend's throat made him overwhelmed. "Fuck!" The blond had to close his eyes, breaking from the hypnotizing mocca.

With eyes finally apart he can feel himself coming to his senses, cloudy headspace ebbing away. Taking a much needed breather, all these unfamiliar emotions swirling around the room, but not unwelcomed — he was rather intrigued. Mostly by fuzzy pink dancing by his lungs.

"You're so hot blondie," he hears the brunette say, prompting him to open his eyes again and snap down towards his doom - *this boy is gonna be the death of me* .

The latter boy gets on his knees behind the curvy blond - *holy shit this angle* - peeking up at Dream with those glossed over doe eyes again, “such a good,” George trails off while kissing over the girlfriend's shoulder blades, he could have guessed how that sentence would have ended, “so pretty for me” he ends up saying instead with a tug of his lips, eyes piercing into green - resulting the owner of said green eyes to let out a pitiful whimper.

Switching his eyes from mocca to chocolate almost nervously, he finds her with eyes closed — determining it a good enough reason to lock back on sin. And sin it was, pressing the tent in his cargos against her lower back, breathing softly. Smiling the brit rubs over her back, “keep going, sweetheart, making Dream feel so good.”

That the brunette was actually right about that, surprisingly he was feeling good. Blowjob were

arguably never too enjoyable, letting out a horse “mmyeah,” in response as green narrows in on brown, watching as the shorter boy brings a hand up. Blinking up innocently as he pulls two fingers against cherry red flesh — smearing glossy spit around. Dream thinks he might go insane, immediately imagining George's lips around his length, instead of sugary ones.

Pink buzzes in his body harder than before, he half begs with his eyes for the other boy to do something. He's not sure what he wants George to do exactly, but he wants something, everything feeling too much and not enough all at once. Sexual insanity overtaking as he feels his eye blur.

Smiling in a way that makes the blond melt, George lolls his tongue out — slowly pushing his fingers in, gaze stuck on forest green going deeper. A wave of something unfamiliar washes over Dream. Too much fuzz, drowning in the pink that seemed to swallow the room — leaving him breathless, reaching for air.

Roughly shoving Mia's head away from his cock, Dream says horsley, "I- you, fuck, get on the fucking bed now."

He didn't even watch them get undressed — he didn't care, lost in deep thought by the edge of the bed. Holy shit why is *he* affecting Dream so much? Wiping the shame that seemed to be coating his hairline he swallows hard. Yellow slowly dripping over his back, as the feeling of guilt forms.

An unfamiliar moan brings him back to reality — sitting against the headboard is the devil himself, already scanning Dream's body, specifically trailing his eyes down the drop of pre-cum dripping down his cock standing tall against his stomach. His girlfriend bent over between the brits legs - sucking away on the slightly smaller dick. He didn't pay her any attention though, more mesmerized over how hungrily the brunette was eyeing his length.

Guilt and yellow vanished as quickly as they came.

Out of reflex — or he doesn't really know why he did it, he teases his own pre-cum over his dick with a finger, slowly showing off the stiffness. *What am I doing?*

But the reaction is as desired, why he wanted this reaction he could not say; George grunting, snaps his eyes up to forest green, a lightly challenging quirk to his eyebrow. Almost like he wishes Dream would continue, *like* he knows Dream is lost - *like* he knows how confused the blond is by his own actions.

Without taking his eyes away from the mocca, he travels to the bed — placing himself behind his girlfriend.

“Im gonna fuck you, princess, while you make our british friend over here feel good, alright?”

Getting of George’s dick with a pop that makes him shudder,

“Please, i’ve been good I-I, Ple-”

She doesn't get the finish before he pushes in, “Don't worry sweetheart, I won't tease today, now get back to sucking.” Dream for some reason wants her to shut up, her voice making the weird yellow coil burn in his chest again. Not caring for what she has to say — he starts with a slow but hard pace, chasing the pink.

Hands on her lower back and the other on her hips for stabilization, he hears it, “That's it blondie,” the sentence makes green look away from where his dick is slowly entering and reentering the tight wet heat, and up to Lucifer himself.

Once again throwing the two boys into another staring contest — this time around with slightly more hooded eyes, and cheeks filled with pure shame and desire for one another.

Seeing his fucked out face the blond speeds up his trust, letting out a soft “holy shit”.
~~Subconsciously~~ consciously tunes out his girlfriend’s moans — focusing solely on the sounds George makes.

“Mm - fuck - yeah, keep going - shit,” Dream knows the brunette says it for Mia - but it's aimed towards him, that stupid grin taking place on his face confirmation enough.

The britt snickers, dragging plush pink slowly over his teeth like he had done in the living room — loving the way Dream is reacting to his words. “I bet you'll feel so good,” Dream let out embarrassingly loud moans at the brunette's sinful words, but expecting nothing less from the devil.

Hearing the boy say that sends Dream’s mind for a swirl, once again — the words are intended to be taken as dirty talk to the person laying between them, but she's long forgotten in this equation, merely a buffer for what they actually want — *each other*.

How or when Dream came to that conclusion he doesn't really know, only knowing he loves mocca eyes on his, and the little game that comes with it.

“Shit- fuck, I’ll bet you would be so tight,” the blond says with a smack to his girlfriend's ass — if she made a sound of approval, he wouldn't know. Too busy staring George straight in his eyes as he says it, watching him roll his eyes back with a whimper.

Three hearts hammering in sync as he speeds up again, roughly slamming into his girl — golden fringe damp with sweaty arousal hanging loosely over his eyes. “holy shit - I bet you - I bet you feel so-” Dream starts, talking directly to George now. Thrust’s getting harder — like somehow if he went harder maybe the person under him would become George he's fucking into.

Mocca eyes still locked with forest, George bit his lips and scrunched his eyebrows as he took over, “You bet - you bet... Fuck, you bet *she* would feel like what, Dream?” He moans out. A sheen of sweat on both boys' faces, wet with pink lust.

Oh fuck. Hearing his name get spoken like *that*, thick with an european accent has him falling, and he barely gets back up — the coil in his lower stomach tightens as he stills himself inside of Mia with a last jerk of his hips — denying his own orgasm.

“Ah - fuck.”

With a wet lewd pop, the fucked out girl dragged off the brits cock, “why d-did you stop?” She whines breathlessly - *understandable* , being used as a fuck toy for Dream to take out his pent up *confused* disiers on, would leave anyone breathless.

The same ugly yellow seeps back into Dream bones hearing her voice, dragging one hand down his face as he could somehow wash away his guilt, “I-Im - fuck, I was - shit, I was about to cum.” he answers even more breathless than her. His other hand still on Mia’s lower back rubbing - what he hoped to be - shooting circles.

A quirk of an eyebrow, “You have low stamina, blondie?” Of course, the British boy would tease — had he only known the reason for Dream’s quick arrival — to be fair, he one hundred percent already had a good idea why.

With a glare and voice stern, “mm trust me, I normally don't,” he started, “but seeing her,” *seeing*

you, “all fucked out,” *your sweat covered face*, “like this - moaning my name around your cock,” *the way you said my name*, “has me nearing the edge, *faster than usual* .” And with that he pulls out fully, lying through his teeth — earning a whine from his girl. *God, shut up.*

George seems to understand, not being able to hold back his smile as Dream pushes Mia away to lay down beside him — not touching, but barely. Sweat covered shoulders bumping as he falls to the matters — sending colorful fireworks to his stomach. *What the fuck.*

The boys only locked eyes with each other for a second before looking away — not being able to continue this freak of a staring contest while his girlfriend was watching.

“Fuck - I’ll get the lube,” George starts, giving a soft peck to *her* lips, then kissing made him furrow his brows, not because she was kissing another boy — he couldn't quite put his finger on it, it just made the ugly yellow fester even more inside his skull.

As the brit gets up on his knees — bending over to grab the small bottle, he exposes all his assets within direct eyesight of Dream.

Dream being the straight man he is — is not able to look away.

Fuck he shaves.

Pink clean hole on display, scanning his eyes all over the milky thighs - *they would look good marked up* - up his toned back, back down to the plump ass, and that fucking inviting tight little ho-

His train of thoughts, much against Dream's wishes, got disturbed by his girlfriend straddling his hips, “hello handsome,” she whispers in his ear.

Again, annoyed - so he shuts her up with a tongue down her throat. Teeth clashing, he dives straight in. It didn’t set off fireworks, as stated before - Dream never experienced those rose tinted glasses, they were nonexistent. But he kept going, dragging his tongue all over hers - winning dominance awfully quick.

Drool started seeping out corners off pretty pink as he went harder - trying to kiss away his urges for a certain brunette boy but to no avail. Thinking of that stupid thootty smirk, wide mouth - tongue

dragging over sharp canines slowly.

Fuck. With his own fantasizing he ends up breathing a moan into his girlfriend's mouth.

A click of a cap makes the blonde break away quickly, “I'm going to prep your little ass, beautiful.” The boy infesting Dream's mind rejoiced, kissing up her neck — the position has George between his spread legs, feeling up on his girlfriend, said girlfriend straddling Dream.

And holy shit, seeing the brunette above him like this does something. *Fuck, only if Mia would move* - he would be able to see the expanse of the brunet's chest - chest and neck still filled with hickies from his girlfriend's doing in the living room. Wondering how his own mark would pale in comparison. Yellow and pink dancing around each other now, hand in hand they swirl around Dream's body.

The brunette surprisingly didn't hold eye contact as he started warming lube between his fingers — too busy with the task at hand.

To stop himself from starting, Dream grabs his girlfriend's hips, “You gonna ride me like a good girl?” Voice low with want, somehow hoping the other boy will listen to his words - even if they are mainly spoken to her, “you gonna show me how good you can be?” He finishes with opened mouthed kisses over her breasts — circling his tongue over a nipple before nibbling it.

“P-please..” She tries, not good enough at all for what Dream wants, he replaces the mouth on her breasts with his hands, fondling them. He figures the weight feels nice in his palm, but had always desired a flatter chest. But she was proud of her size, flaunting them around to catch her boyfriend's attention.

“Oh come on now, I know you can do better than that, princess,” he emphasizes his sentence by grabbing the base of his cock, slapping it over her pussy, hitting the clit - pussy wet from the lube dripping down from George's fingers where he's working her rim open.

The lube glazing over his tip reminded him of the other boy for a second. Dream doesn't know how to feel about everything that has happened tonight. But his mind won't stop replaying a movie-reel of a certain brunette's glossed over doe eyes.

He's also decided that yellow and pink don't go together.

Whimpering, “I-I please, I wanna feel you both, I be good-” He tunes out her begging, not interested one bit — doing nothing for him. Mind back to a british accent — and speak of the devil and he shall arrive, “Yeah, you wanna be a good little slut and make us feel good?” George pipes up.

The boy done with her ass, now sucking on her neck, both hands on her waist. *Fuck this*. Dream thinks as he discreetly moves the hand on her breast downwards — seemingly feeling her up. He drags it over her waist until he can feel one of George's hands.

He has no idea where this impulse came from but is going for it regardless. Curiosity killed the cat he remembers shamefully.

Distracting his girlfriend by pressing his forehead against hers muttering soft praises against her lips — he grabs George's wrist and takes it off her. *He's really doing this*. Pink flare up like a shock wave finally being able to feel the soft pale skin.

Mind screaming at him like an alarm bell as he places the brunette's hand on his own thigh. Squeezing the brits wrist slightly before letting go, hoping he got the silent begging of touching him, “Fuck - blondie you're so fucking risque,” Sin himself speaks up, gripping his thigh.

“I - shit, uhm, ok - should we, should we start?” Dream tries, in shock of what he's just done — body absolutely loving the brits hand caressing his thigh, fuzz shooting through his veins in response, despite his head telling him otherwise — when he looks up towards said brunette he finds him already staring Dream down - shit eating grin taking up half his face, squeezing his thigh when he finds Dream's eyes again.

“Yes please, I wanna fuck you so bad,” George half grunts — his gaze, as expected, still on the blond. *Holy fucking shit*.

Hearing begging - this time around - makes his dick twitch. He bites his lip hard, stopping himself from just throwing his girlfriend out and fucking the living shit out of George. His skin probably flushed crimson under freckles — staring intently at those god-forsaken cherry bitten lips belonging to the brunette.

How Dream jumped from alarm bells to wanting to fuck the soul out of this boy, he could blame on his horndog brain. It's sex, humans love sex — humans are animals when it comes to it. So it's nothing out of the ordinary to want to break pretty british boys in bed.

I would make him cry.

Brought back down to the dimly lit, sex scented room with a slap to his peck, “Dream common, what are you doing?” A way to feminine voice - for his liking - asks, muted yellow over taking pink.

A half growl, “lift your hips, and be good,” just wanting his dick wet. Still, mocca are attached to forest — a knowing glint within them. He wishes they had blindfolded the girl, so he could keep unabashedly staring at the other boy without getting caught — with that being said, green rips away from the dark mop of hair and back to long blond.

Looking in her chocolate eyes for what feels like the first time in ages he asks, “You ready babe?” Trying to sound somewhat interested. With a “yeah” both boys start pushing, moaning as they do so.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,” She whines when they reach all the way, stilling for a moment, “you're both so - “

Seemingly reading Dream's mind of wanting her to shut up, George grabs her hair and pushes her over Dream's chest - face ending up beside his neck in the mattress. Wanting to keep her there - George splays a hand in her locks, making her trapped, unable to see any of the boys as they start fucking into her.

“Mmh, yeah I know baby, shit - now take it and shut up.” The britt answers harshly, fucked out expression not matching his dominated voice. Eyes finally connecting again.

I love this staring contest, his own ridiculous thoughts creating a soft smile.

Dark locks drained in sweat hanging in front of wide eyes that never seemed to give up the relentless gaze, mouth open in an ‘O’ shape - *fuck he probably doesn't like any better himself.*

Staring as it's the only thing they know how to do — they move their hips faster. The room seemed to disappear, losing track of where his girlfriend is laying over his chest. He just keeps staring in mocca — feeling like he's falling on coffee, “So hot,” he moans out without meaning to — thrusting harder on reflex.

A high whine snaps him out, yellow dripping in the soft pink puddle on his chest — he scrunches his eyebrows in annoyance, he opens his mouth to speak before a certain british boy beat him to it, “what? You want us going harder, two cocks not enough for you?”

“Yes - god yes - I beg, please,” She began, taking the hint George moves to drape himself over her back, closeness making Dreams' heart beat faster — if that was even possible.

“Keep your head down. Hips up.” The brunette whispers harshly into her golden locks, moving back up slightly as he stabilizes himself with a hand on either side of their heads.

Jesus christ, this boy.

The proximity closer — but not close enough, a head's length of distance between the two boys. He can see every detail of the brits face from here, every freckle and blemish — beautiful, *subjectively beautiful*.

Fucked out expersion with a sheen of sweat, blown-out pupils almost not noticeable — courtesy of his dark mocca, *he was beautiful*. Moaning embarrassingly out loud as he thrust into his girlfriend at an undodly pace — seeing George match it.

Beautiful to Dream, not because everyone told him growing up — not because his mother would tell him, but because he is.

Again, blaming his thought on pure sex drive.

“Your - fuck - you're so,” the brunette cuts himself off with a moan, so Dream naturally takes over, “Your - holy shit - your pussy so tight around me,” he starts, but making sure to lock eyes with a specific brunette before continuing, “I bet your little h-hole is even tighter fuck!” He swears, knowing George got the message as he sees him keen, eyes wide and ivory sinking in cherry before a train of “fuck fuck fuck” escapes his pretty pink while hips start going even harder.

He's not ashamed to admit he's completely forgotten his girlfriend — not literally, but using her as a warm heat for his dick — as he imagines the boy in front of him. She's loving it though, going limp with a scream as she gets fucked into by both boys — taking out their frustrations in her, whimpers of ‘yes’ and pleas puking out of her.

Angered by not being enough, its almost as a bomb ticks in his brain when Dream takes a hand off her hips to move it to the brunette's bicep. Second hand snaking around Mia's head — holding it pressed in the mattress keeping her from catching his sinful acts.

What are you doing Clay?

With furrowed brows and a shit eating smirk the brit just observes Dream's actions unfold — body shuddering as the blond continues exploring a big palm on his shoulder.

Soft, yet sharp.

Mocca permanently locked with green as they thrust harder if that was even possible — moans and slapping of skin echoing through the dark bedroom walls.

A hard look on his face, unwavering the blond grunts out, “you're being so good, p-princess,” hand exploring over the boy's soft chest, “make me feel - fuck - make me feel so good.” He finishes with a flick on his nipple.

The brunette in question looks utterly desperate whimpering loudly — like a puppy, big eyes set on green as he tries, “I - you - ple - fuck, I-I mean mph!”

Did british boy almost beg? Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

“Holy shit,” Dream whispers as his eyes roll in the back of his skull — hastily moving the hand on the brunette chest to his throat. Pounding into the warm heat harder as he lightly squeezes, “oh god, yes.” Mocca eyes begs — making the owner of green ones twitch.

The boy's staring contest is never-ending, as Dream reaches his final straw - pulling George in by his neck - the whimper he heard was godly compared to the high whines coming from his left. Noses almost touching they speed up once again.

Dark strands of hair glued on his forehead with sweat and lust — Dream presses his own onto it. So close they can smell the sex on each other, pink over taking his body — slowly etching away the yellow.

Breathing heavier than ever, “I - I shit, so good, so fucking good - holy fuck,” the blond grunts into the mouth of the brunette — lips never touching, just moans traveling between open mouths, the brits whimpers almost growing into sobs out of desperation, “mmph, p-please.” He whispers, almost not audible over all the skin slapping. Dream can see the tears starting to form by mocca. *Holy shit.*

Hoping his girlfriend didn't hear the other boys begging — he let out an animalistic groan matching his thrusts. Dragging George's head on the right side of his own — his girlfriend's head still pushed in the mattress on his left.

Wasting no time as he turns his head to lay on top of George's, pink fire flaring up his insides, “I'm gonna f-fucking ruin you,” with a lick to his jaw, the closet they have yet to be, tongue *finally* tasting skin — disgusting sweat-covered skin, and Dream loved every second of it, swimming in the salty taste melting in his mouth.

“I - *ah* , fuck - how are you doing this to me,” biting down on the brits jaw to silence his sounds. He expects no answer, no need for one. The answer lies beneath pretty crimson cheeks and hard cocks.

“Oh - oh my god, yes - Dream.” George tries to answer, hearing his own name come out of british spit covered lips, he couldn't take it anymore, mind filled with pretty mocca and the need for more than salt. Wet pink and red glazing together. Breathing — *grunting* in the mouth of the other, almost out of desperation Dream whines to the brit, like a spoiled kid who didn't get their favorite candy.

Needing more. Wanting more.

Feeling fuzzy all over, yellow long gone. The bed disappears, sending Dream swirling down a black void as he harshly captures George's lips on his own. With a last cry they attack, tongues dancing around one another — ivory smashing, thrusts speeding in time with their mouths.

Wanting every taste the brunette had to offer, evident by the harsh muscle prodding the back of his mouth. Licking over the boys canines he had mocked Dream with all night, “P’ls, D’eam, I-Im g’nna,” the brunette fails to get out against the warmth of the other.

It didn't last long as the overpowering feeling of the coil in their collective stomachs tightened. Pushing George's mouth with a hungry bite enough to break skin — Dream panicked.

Swiftly pulling away to find his girl still face down in the mattress — feeling her tighten around him with a whorish moan, “shit.” Rolls his head back on the pillow, away from coffee. He didn't even realize she was nearing the end — not that he had cared for it, nor helping her reach it in any capacity.

Mia's surprise orgasm around his cock and british bit swollen lips attaching on his neck was dragging him impossible closer. Not even realizing the latter boy had finished in her during their short makeout — stopping his thrusts.

“Such a good boy Dream,” the brunette started, low enough to not be heard by anyone else, and god — he really hoped no one did, embarrassed by how the words made his hips stutter.

“There you go blondie, you gonna be a good boy and cum in your girlfriend for me?” His breathing heavy in the blond's ear — nibbling on it slightly. He never wants the feeling to stop, never wanting sharp ivory to let go. Pink fuzz stronger than before, borderline ecstasy.

“Holy - fuck me - shit, shit, shit, shit,” he screams out, hanging on the edge, ”Geor- I mean, fuck, Mia!” As he spills embarrassing amounts of white inside her, dick pulsating as his mind festers on only one thing, *George, George, George*.

“Fuck, there you go - so good Dream, feel so good.” The smaller boy coaxes him through his orgasm with a heavy whisper. If his girl was kissing his neck, he didn't care — too busy with that deep accent invading his brain, and he wouldn't mind keeping it locked there forever. Playing it on repeat any time of the day.

“Fuck.” The blond breaths, his vision coming back slowly. The room fell silent except for the heavy panting. George had moved away before the couple opened their eyes — disappearing out of the room, he felt pink wash away with him.

The afterglow hits him like a train. *He just kissed a boy*. And, the same boy made him come embarrassingly fast whispering filthy words in his ear. His bones are still buzzing as he feels not pink, not yellow — but *black* drip over his brain.

Shame, pure shame and confusion. Hands shaky as exhales.

Jumping slightly when Mia pipes up, “So?” He had almost forgotten she was there — she wanted to know his thoughts. He can't tell her he just had the best sex of his life because of some british boy staring into his eyes. Alarm bells telling him how wrong it is.

“I mean it was alright, d-did you enjoy yourself?” He responds instead.

“Mmm very,” she softly lets out as she slides off her boyfriend's chest — laying down beside him. He understands, they were brutal — fucking into her with no remorse, slightly feeling bad before remembering this how she always wants in bed.

He opens his mouth to speak as he hears the brunette enter again.

“Hi blondie's, just stay put and I'll clean you up, sweetheart.” He smiles softly — pink rushing back seeing the other boys cherry face. “You didn't have to do that,” the blond starts as he watches him wash up the very limp Mia beside him, “you're our guest, you shouldn't have to.”

“Yeah, and I just had an awesome orgasm with two hot blondes.” He smirks as he throws a hoodie on Mia, and a pair of boxers for Dream.

Still it's courtesy, the brunette shouldn't have to clean up after them because Dream's internally beating himself up. Before he could protest anymore he felt a damp washcloth on his thigh — stiffening before relaxing again with a small grunt.

Watching as the brunette travels up his inner thigh, right by his junk, before the brit could continue he grabs his wrist — stern look on his face, “come on bro, I'll show you where the shower is,” knowing damn well the George already knew where it was — if the damp washcloth was any sign, “you can go in first.” Dream finishes as he leans over his girl giving her a soft peck, yellow lingering on his lips.

“Just gonna show our guest the bathroom, babe.”

And with that Dream leaps out of the bed, quickly throwing on some sweats as he walks out — not bothering looking back, knowing the brunette would follow. He couldn't decide if he felt absolute hatred for the other boy or not. Mad for making him feel these things — *do these things*.

Once outside the room he continues his stride down some doors before reaching his office, walking inside calmly — *the calm before the storm*.

He hears George behind him — closing the door.

What am I doing.

Dream snaps around and pins the brunette to the wall — George not surprised by the action just smiles up at him, the height difference so, so much more prominent now.

“What is it Dream,” he smiles up, wrists pinned on either side of his head, “wanna tell me what happened to that ‘not wanting guys touching me’ rule?” Despite the brunette teasing words, Dream couldn't help but get lost in the coffee eyes for what feels like the hundredth time tonight.

Dream figures out then and there — *that maybe he prefers mocca over chocolate*.

“Fuck you.”

It wouldn't hurt to just look

Chapter Summary

Their dynamic was complicated, always this dance of who's on top.

“You're a big soft bitch, blondie, of course you'll act like a puppy if I tell you you're good.” The brunet speaks through gritted teeth, the boy wasn't wrong per se – but Dream would never let him know that.

“You're the one crying like a bitch here, pretty boy.”

“And you get off on seeing me cry.” Their voices were low but stern, holding firm eye contact for a moment before cherry clashes, colors of all emotions smoke up, it's hard – biting off lips and clashing teeth until they could taste crimson. Dream lets go of his wrist to rather explore his body, one hand finding home around his neck.

“Teach me how I can fuck you,” he grunts against swollen cherry, “so I can fucking ruin you.”

Chapter Notes

IM SO EXCITED FOR YOU TO READ THIS, SO MUCH TEASING AND BLUE BALLING WHILE DREAM FIGURES HES INTO MEN

[MY TWITTER](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Fuck you.”

Faces too close for comfort, Dream felt like his mind had been dragged through the mud and stomped on – shattered in pieces as the past few hours comes back to him, like a twisted fever dream, “how - how did you, fuck.”

A breath.

“How are you doing this to m-me?” He whispers hoarsely, the grip he had around slender wrists tightening. Monologuing more so to himself, than to the boy in front of him – words getting caught in a dry throat.

He didn't understand any of the feelings dancing around him – all he recognized was the subtle pink undertones.

Blinking up, feigning innocence – mocca glinting in the dim light, "what do you mean, Dream?"

He almost whines at the sight of british doe eyes, unfamiliar warmth spreading rapidly. Dream wanted to cry out of desperation, not being able to formulate words for what he was feeling, "I - please," as he presses his body against the other – pinning him harder against the wall, "make my brain shut up." Wet pink tongue shyly ran over the brunet's jaw.

"Hey, it's ok blondie, take your time," cutting himself off with a groan when ivory scrapes across the smaller man's neck. "That's it, everything is fine, it's ok to touch."

Dream halts at the words – everything dawning upon him, he's touching a *guy* . In private, no excuses of a threesome, no hormone filled brain to blame it on.

With a grunt he lets go of the other's wrists – realizing they are still shirtless, his breathing picks up, just frozen in place as pink smokes around him.

"Come on blondie, there's nothing wrong with what you're feeling," George starts, emotions unreadable as he slowly rolls his groin on Dreams body – cock half filled with blood, "see how you made me feel pressing me against that stupid fucking wall?"

Dream didn't know if he wanted to press into him again or shove him away and call him disgusting – but what he cannot deny is how his body buzzed at the contact.

"Shit," feeling red bubble in his chest – pushing the brunet harshly against the wall, upper bodies touching, "what's your problem?" He finishes, sternly grabbing the other boy's waist.

His calculations had been correct, he was bigger in every sense – hands covering most of the boy's torso, feeling the red dab away at the sight. Hypnotized by the size difference, eyes wide – breathing heavy as he squeezes slightly on the area, observing how his muscles flex to the touch.

"Fuck, why are you," George half moans as he places slender hands on the blond's hips – moving them forward to rub their growing erections together, "why are your body and mouth telling me two different stories."

Fuck you.

To be frank, he didn't know what he was doing, just wanting to chase that pretty pink fuzz – then again, absolutely terrified of it, feeling a whine building at his own inner turmoil.

"Holy shit - George, I-I don't know," Dream moans out, shifting his hands from the brunet's waist to his hips.

Smoke fills his lungs as the blond tests the waters, grinding their hips together once again, feeling himself fully erect – embarrassed by how quickly his blood was pumping south, he whimpers out, "You feel this? Why do you make me react like this? You're a m-man, it shouldn't - I can't,"

"But men are so hot, Dream," The brit starts as he rubs against the bigger man's clothed cock, pastel butterflies roaming all over Dream's body, "their harsh jaws," George continues.

"Flat, strong chests,"

"Shut up." Dream swears under his breath.

"Fuck, their strong arms pinning me down,"

The blond opens and closes his mouth repeatedly listening to the other ramble, huffing when their cocks rub. George just looks up with those stupid doe eyes, "I love women as well - watching their pretty eyes fill with tears when I ruin them," the british cuts himself off with a quiet moan.

Dream was certain he liked women - he has to, he's been in a relationship with one for as long as he can remember for god's sake. So he can do nothing but nod with a frown at the words.

I love her. He repeats internally as the smaller keeps talking. The tiniest yellow splotches start to cover the butterflies wings.

"But men, oh god Dream, men - I love them," A sharp white smile on his face, "fuck, I love how

they make me *cry* ." The thought of watery mocca sends Dream for yet another spiral, conflicted over being aroused and freaked out.

Heart beating fast as he takes one hand off the other's hip and brings it to his face instead – squeezing on either side of his cheeks. George's smirk only grows under the restraints of a hand, "I bet you love to see pretty boys cry, blondie."

Dream gasps a little at the concept – the fuzz feels deafening in his head, pink evident on his cheeks and bloodstream, "I - I like seeing, I like seeing my - my *girlfriend* cry under me, not some fucking dude."

Ignoring the blond completely, but not in a disrespectful manner - after all, Dream is the one holding *George down* despite the words coming out of his mouth, so the brit just continues, "you don't wanna see me cry, Dream?"

The latter boy furrows his brows in desperation – the desperation of wanting to fucking ruin the brunette, but his body is telling him no. Telling him it's unnatural, he knows it isn't true. But, the concept of another man *loving him* – a man loving *Dream* , made his head short circuit. It simply didn't seem like a thing that could happen.

How could a man love him the way his girlfriend does.

"How - how, have you been with m-men before?" Dream gets out, the brits lips turned a little at the words – understanding the battle Dream is fighting, "I have," he simply answers.

"I'm 24, not to sound like a *fuckboy* in college, but blondie," he chuckles before finishing with a toothy grin, "I've fucked so many girls, loving the control I get in bed," George presses his body against the bigger – feeling the blonds hardness on his lower stomach. Green eyes locked on brown as both boys moan slightly, "But, I've fucked way more boys, and I have to admit, I prefer it *so* much more."

Dream's hand tightening around the other's face at the words, feeling friction on his painfully stiff cock didn't help either. Why he still felt so hot and bothered, he refused to think too deeply about. His body seemingly loved the proximity of mocca and pink, whilst alarm bells were ringing through his mind. So he just stands there, feet rooted to the ground as the boys rub up on each other.

“I love how they feel inside me, how a *man’s dick* fills me up,” George whispers – confidence written all over his face, “fuck, how they pin me down - choke me out while fucking me into the mattress.” Dream outright moans at that, it's like a bomb ticks off when he spins the brunet around – pressing his face against the wall, “fuck” he whispers, mostly out of shock of his own antics.

George presses his plump ass against the blond’s length – the same plump ass Dream had spent time ogling during the threesome, outwardly shuddering at the memory. “So yes blondie, I let men fuck me - control me for the night, and I absolutely love it.”

Dream starts feeling down the brunet’s neck, down his spine – stopping over his hips, almost like he couldn't bring himself to feel the other boy up. George seemed to notice his hesitant manners, “It's ok to touch... Please,”

Fuck

"Stop begging. Don't beg like that," Dream grunts, cock twitching in response to british pleas – pink seeping into his pores as he ghosts over the brunet’s ass, closing his eyes as he squeezes on the fat, as if it somehow didn’t happen if he didn’t see it.

"Fuck, why don't you want me begging?"

Dream could hear the smirk on his face, he hated it. The brit’s confidence made his blood pump faster, maybe it was pure arousal – or maybe it was the adrenaline of *coming to terms with the arousal* , “Cause you're making this hard for me, british boy.”

Literally and metaphorically.

The blond continues to grope the smaller man's ass as he moves forward, slowly, almost as if he's scared – and he one hundred percent is, heart hammering, alarm bells deafening when he slots his cock between George’s clothed ass, “you think you could take me?” Dream whispers, he doesn't know why he said it, mentally smacking himself, hoping the words he uttered would go unnoticed.

“I - fuck, I don't know why I said that.”

“Shut up blondie, you know why you said it,” The brunet starts before a large hand snakes around his neck – pulling him, squeezing slightly when the brits back meets a hard chest.

“Don't tell me to shut up.” The blond speaks sternly, rutting his hips into George’s backside, “fine then, answer my question if you wanna keep running that mouth.”

“Shit - I, are you asking if I could handle your size, big guy?” George laughs, his bratting was ticking Dream off, and the blond didn’t even know what he was doing – why was he entertaining this idea with *a man* in the first place? But he couldn't stop himself – mouth working faster than his brain.

So, on impulse he bites the brunet’s earlobe as he whispers, “I'm not gonna fuck you, cause I can’t sleep with a fucking *dude* - but, I bet your little brat mouth can’t take shit, especially this.” He emphasizes his words with a harsh thrust of his hips.

Pink accompanied by confidence now. He could hear the other’s breath hitch at the words, internally screaming at himself for not walking away. Although, his dick was highly in favor of seeing how far he could take it.

Whimpering excused as a cough, the brunet responds, “Oh, you wouldn't fuck me? Can’t sleep with a guy, huh?” He starts as he brings a pale hand to lay on top of Dream’s around his throat, “I could take you blondie, you think cause your stupid dic- mmhp” he doesn't get to finish before Dream squeezed *hard* - slightly cutting off his airflow.

“God, you're a bigger brat than Mia, that's impressive.” He brings his other hand around to lay over the brit’s lower abdomen, hand freezing – he wants to touch the other boy's hardness, wants to tease him about it. But he couldn't bring himself to do – so he resolved by digging his blunt fingernails into soft skin.

“Dr’m, pl’s...”

Taking the hint, Dream realizes his grip on the pale throat. Hearing mocca beg breathlessly prompts him to close his eyes as he decides to go against his own judgment – bringing one finger downwards to ghost over the other’s stiffness.

“Hah, fuck - you’re enjoying this too much.” The blond breaths.

“Yes god, Dream,” George starts, voice dark and gravely as he ruts his erection towards the bigger hand – chasing any sort of friction. Dream doesn't know what to do, he needs to stop – he can't be

touching him. So he just retreats his hand back to the soft stomach.

“That's what I thought,” The brunet starts as he grinds his ass back, that begging whimpering boy gone, “You think I can't handle your stupid cock? I think it's the other way around, *bro* .”

“God, shut up.”

“Why? You're not gonna fuck me either way, Dream,” George pauses slightly as he feels the blond walking them backwards, “you claim to not be into guys, but that stupid big cock is fucking rock solid against my ass cheek, blondie,” he gasps as Dream spins them around being faced with a desk, before continuing, “unless you're thinking about fucking that hot girlfriend of yours, I really can't understand why your boner is rubbi-”

The brunet goes down with a bang, bent over the desk – face landing in a stack of papers, “fuck me, do you ever fucking shut up?” The bigger one grabs a hold of the british boy's hips.

Seeing the other boy bend over like this, seeing how a slightly muscular back flexes. It's not like Mia's, where she is soft and curvy. This is different – but so are the feelings inside him, this time he's showering in pink – yellow nowhere in sight.

“You're a fucking little brat, anyone ever told you that?” He sees the brunette start to rise, but quickly presses a firm hand between his shoulder blades with a tsk.

He has no idea where he is going with this – why he has the brunette bent over, but the sight is just too good to look away from. He can blame it on the repetitiveness of having mediocre sex with the same person for years. That this is just something new.

Or, he could blame it on actual arousal. He stops that train of thought as fast as it arrives.

“Mm, yeah I've heard that before blondie, don't think you're the only tall pretty blond that has wanted to fuck me.” Dream's guts turn slightly at the words, this ugly possessive green breaking up the pink.

"I - you, I wish I could, mm, fuck -" Dream doesn't know what to say, genuinely thinking about what it would be like to fuck the brunet underneath him – how he would look crying covered in marks. His dick really likes the idea, whilst his head screams at him for even thinking about it.

And not because he has a girlfriend – no, it's wrong because he would be fucking a guy.

"Fuck," he grunts as the grip on the brunet's hips tightens – flipping him over. Finally face to face again, Dream narrows his eyes on mocca as he smacks a hand on George's inner thigh – making him spread them.

Still, stone cold face as he drags the brit down the table to press his crotch flush against his ass. Smirking slightly when he sees how pliant the brunette becomes to the harsh movement.

Studying the boy underneath him, who has his mouth out in a slight smile – mocca eyes glossed over, a perk to his eyebrows, "What is your game plan here, Dream?" George grins, almost laughing as he locks his ankles behind the blond, "I have all night blondie, I can lay here and watch you beat yourself up cause you figuring out *you're gay* , or I-"

Dream delivers a light smack to his thigh at those words – echoing through the sinful office, "I'm not, I'm not fucking-"

The brunet couldn't keep it in anymore, laughing as he continued, "Dream! Are you fucking serious right now?" A deep frown settles on the blond's face.

Seemingly realizing those words had been harsh, he clears his throat in a sorry, "I mean, blondie," he tries again as he brings a slender hand to his own waistline – tugging them down ever so slightly, slowly revealing his v line.

Dream, against his own words, snaps his eyes to observe the action, watching as George exposes more and more of himself before he keeps talking, "Do you wanna help me take these off? It wouldn't hurt to just look, would it?" voice soft as he continued the tugging of his sweats in hopes of a distraction.

And a distraction it was, as the little skin being exposed had Dream forgetting the outburst he just had, as pink overtook once again.

Grunting slightly, the blond barely nods as he brings shaky hands up to drag down the brit's sweats hesitantly. Mouth agape as the hard cock slaps against a pale stomach – watching intently as a pump of pre cum spills onto the brunet.

Licking his lips, he throws the sweats somewhere in the room – disappearing at the same time as his voice of reason. Never taking his eyes off of the red wet tip.

It's not like he's never seen a cock before, but right now all he can pay attention to is the drumming of a speedy heartbeat as he looks at the newly naked man – cause that's nothing like he's seen before.

After some staring, he locks on mocca again, almost a pleading look in his eyes – like he was trying to communicate to the other how conflicted he felt. But all he found was a smirking George licking over ivory.

His cock embarrassingly twitched at the sight.

He bit his lip as he looked towards the length again, raising a hand to touch it – before quickly retreating it again. His head going haywire, pink erupting like a volcano in his gut.

“Can - Can I touch?” He didn't know why he asked, backtracking immediately, “No! Nevermind - 's gross, I'm sorry, I-I can't touch a guy's-” Despite his words, Dream's mouth is ajar – licking over cherry as he observes the pretty cock.

George leans up on his elbows – the blond still between his thighs, “Jesus, blondie, I'm so fucking hard, would you let me touch *myself* then?” He asks with a smirk, glossy puppy eyes staring intently in forest green ones.

The brunet asking for permission to touch himself set off something dark within Dream. Now, playing with *power* was not something new in his sex life. But, how far he was able to do it with a man, he didn't know.

He wanted to though.

God, he wanted to . He wanted to choke him out – show him who's in control while pounding into him, hearing his pretty scream-

“Fuck,” he mumbled as he closed his eyes, “you make this so, so difficult british boy.”

“Yeah?” He smiled, he definitely knew what he was doing, “what? Want me to call you sir or something?” He said with a chuckle, “or master? Would you let me touch myself if I referred to you as that, *sir*?” He knew the other was teasing, but god.

“No, y-you can’t just say shit like that,” Dream starts as he opens his eyes again, finding mocca right away – an unforgivable bratty fucking grin on his face, “but, it’s a good thing you know who would be in charge here - If I ever was to fuck your mouthy ass.”

A soft whimper, almost not audible.

“Maybe it would shut you up too.” Dream whispers giving the boy under him a once over – he figured maybe it wouldn’t be so bad if *he* wasn’t the one doing the touching, nothing wrong with just looking, “Shit - touch yourself, but do it slow.”

A heartbeat.

George’s eyes widened at the words, like he hadn’t expected it, carefully bringing a hand to himself – stroking two fingers from the base of his cock slowly up to the tip – smearing the precum over the slit with a moan. Just as he had done when they first met – just this time around, a lot more skin and much less clothes.

And god, that moan egged Dream on further. He didn’t know what he was doing when he leaned over the man and spit down on his cock, “Fucking hurry, british boy.”

Why the fuck did I do that?

The regret that fell over his body was pushed away quickly when he heard George’s high pitched sounds, arching his back slightly as he grabbed the base of his cock, “holy shit blondie - fuck, you can’t just do -” the brunet was cut off with a whine as a large hand smacked down on his thigh again.

“Who are you to tell me what I can’t and can do?” George moans at the sternness in the taller’s voice, biting his lips to keep shut.

Leaning over the other – Dream’s clothed cock falls on top of the smaller man’s exposed one, elbows on either side of the brunet’s head, “Traffic light system, like we agreed in the living room, alright?” Dream whispers, as if he whispers the words it would be like it never happened – like he’s not pursuing a man.

Excusing himself with *It wouldn't hurt to just observe the other getting off.*

“Green, Green - fuck, I promise, just - please.”

Dream turns his head so he’s a hair's length away from George. Seeing the other so close he forgets the dominant persona he once had, both boys studying each other's freckles – mapping out the other’s flaws and blemishes. He thinks if he could see himself right now, he would see the pink float out of his ears.

Panic of everything he’s done settles again. Still, he refused to move.

Dream ghosts his lips over the brunet’s, “I-Im not into guys, it’s just you, alright?” He whispers as he nibbles George’s bottom lip, “I - fuck, I’m not gay, ok? I can’t be... I’ve had a fucking girlfriend since I was fourteen, George.” Lip trembling as he captures soft cherry with his own – not like their first kiss, this was sweet and short. Fuzz filling his lungs for every second he can’t breathe.

“Dream,” the shorter man moans when they drift apart – hips grinding together at a slow pace, “blondie, it's ok, everything is alright, I promise.” Peppering some kisses on the side of Dream’s mouth. He pushes the brit away as he leans up slightly.

The blond didn’t know how to react to all these new feelings screaming so fucking loudly in his head, he had refused to think about them too deeply.

He knew there was nothing wrong with being gay – he didn’t give two shits who other people loved and fucked. *So why was it so hard to wrap his head around now?* Feeling like he could cry, scream and smash up every insignificant little thing in this god forsaken office – with this god forsaken boy who makes his cock jump. Red swirling around the pink as the anger of the situation comes crashing down.

“Fuck you, I fucking hate you.” He whispers, still hovering over the other.

George seemed to be over his bullshit – tired of it, but still not leaving him, letting out a sigh as he felt up the blond's biceps. "Mhm blondie." More anger rises within forest as mocca simply shrugs to his harsh words, he wants the other to cuss him out, hit him, anything. He quickly pulls himself away from the brit with a half growl.

He doesn't quite wanna understand the red he feels – nor why he is feeling it.

Coming to terms with *a man* making his dick pulsate, and he absolutely hates it. Why couldn't his girlfriend do this to him – why can't *she* make his body react like this. A book he has little care about gets launched at the wall with a bang.

God, he hopes Mia has fallen dead asleep, she doesn't deserve to listen to Dream's outrage – doesn't deserve to hear how there's a reason for all their problems.

"Fuck you." As he walks in circles – erection slightly going down, tugging on his own hair. When he glances towards the other again, he finds him at the edge of the desk, still very much naked – and very much hard, lazily stroking himself.

"Don't just sit there and look like that." Dream groans.

A sly smirk as he squeezes the tip of his cock unbothered, "Like what, blondie?"

"God, stop that, y-you know what you're doing." Pink and red mixing like fireworks, he didn't know which emotion he wanted to focus on – hating both of them.

With a heavy huff the brunet let go of his cock, "listen blondie, I have been where you are before – I was just lucky I figured it out when I wanted to kiss and hold hands with my friends in fucking, elementary school or whatever it is you americans call it," a deep breath, Dream still staring daggers into the brunet, jaw clenched.

"And, I was scared as shit, a kid trying to figure out all these emotions alone – refusing to believe any of it was true until high school." He drags hands down his face – he wishes it would wash away all his thoughts.

"So *I know*, Dream." Smiling softly as he got off the desk, the blond felt dizzy the closer the brunet came.

Taking one of Dream's hands as he continues, "I get it though, it must fucking suck to figure out when you're..?"

"Twenty-two." Voice raw.

"When your twenty-two, with a girl and -"

"God, please shut up, you don't know shit." Dream tries weak, he doesn't even believe himself – so he doesn't expect George to either.

"Holy shit, blondie, use me."

"What?"

"Fucking use me or something, experiment on me - touch me, feel me, fuck me, I don't care." George starts as he feels up the blond's chest, sending pink sparks, "or, I will go out to the nearest rundown pub, blink up with stupid puppy dog eyes at the first brainless tall blond I can find," blinking up at Dream with mocca to prove his point, "until they fuck me senseless, whilst I try not to scream *your name*."

A deep scowl settles on Dream's face.

Green swirled at the words, he knew the brunet was teasing – and god, he wanted to shut him up, take him up on the offer. Staring at him with disgust for a second while he contemplates.

Drumming of his heart almost drowns out the anxiety. It would just be experimenting, it didn't have to mean anything. It didn't have to mean he was *into guys* or whatever – he would simply be trying stuff out. *Yeah, just trying new stuff. It doesn't mean anything, right?*

Still that disgusted look on his face, but more so disgust over himself – of what he is feeling. And how those god forsaken words with a british accent that makes his brain think – think more than he wants to.

“I can’t fucking stand you,” the blond starts as he loosely lays a hand around George’s throat – walking him backwards, “your little smart *arse* mouth,” a breath falls from both boys when pale thighs hit wooden mahogany, “Please, tell me George, where has that filthy mouth gotten you before?”

A squeeze to his throat resolving in a soft ‘mph’. Dream could see how the brit’s softening cock perked at the action, “you gonna answer or what?” Voice deep with pink lust, finally deciding to cave – explore how this british boy makes his blood pump. Realizing his grip on the other as he shoves George down flat on the desk again.

Mocca rolled back slightly at the impact, “My mouth normally gets me where I want,” he grunts, sitting up on his elbows as Dream loomed over him, “I can do a lot with this smart *arse* mouth to people, blondie.”

Pictures of wide cherry lips stretching around his length – memories of how the brunet looked on his knees behind Mia immediately flooded his mind. Pink shooting through his veins, at the same time this newfound fear formed of seeing a man sucking him off.

“You’re not sucking my fucking dick.”

George looks like he could burst out laughing – giving a wet lick over ivory, “that’s not what I was implying, Dream.”

“Then what? You’re running that fucking mouth of yours again, you think you’re clever?” A hand finding home around the smaller man’s neck again, the bratting was slightly ticking him off – at the same time his cock twitched in favor.

“You wouldn’t get it blondie,” George grinned as he ghosted his fingers over a freckled shoulder, “since you’re new and all to this *tya* scene.” Heart hammering fast – this type of backtalk in bed normally made yellow float.

Now, he felt the tip of his dick dampen.

“To this scene?” Dream laughed, tightening the grip he had on the others porcelain neck, “Trust me, I’m well experienced in bed – I could fucking ruin you, *look at you*, I would break you!” Squeezing hard on his waist as well - proving how much surface he could cover.

Panting heavy in each other's faces, mocca dead set on forest – playfull glint in both. The hand George once had on a sunkissed shoulder had found its place around a thick neck. When that had happened - Dream wouldn't know.

Ignoring the other's cocky attitude with a roll off his eyes, leaning up to run a pink wet tongue over the taller man's ear as he whispered, "I make girls cry and let boys use me, remember?"

A nod.

"I can make *boys* cry too, blondie." George snickers low, squeezing the bigger neck – embarrassingly, earning a choked grunt. Fuzz and pink dancing around each other as his circulation slightly cut off – his own hand tightens around the brunet in rebuttal.

Both boys with clenched jaws – emotions of all colors smoking around them as they choked the other out, strong gaze never relenting. Why the brit was even fighting for dominance was mind blowing for Dream's.

Smirking as he grinded his hips down *hard* – both dicks filled with blood again. Reacting positively to the contact, the brunet backed down first as mocca rolled backwards, damp dark brows furrowing with a moan.

Voice raspy as the blond tries "I'm not a f-fucking bottom, if you haven't gathered that already," grinding their erections together, mouth opening in a soundless gasp finally getting some friction. "If anyone is fucking anyone tonight, I'm fucking *you*. "

Holy shit, how long have they been at this . Their cocks have most likely been leaking for half an hour at this point, with Dream experiencing every emotion under the sun – god, he just hoped Mia wouldn't question the empty bed.

George had those hypnotizing glossy doe eyes on his face again, a slight quirk to his eyebrows, "There's a difference between being a sub and a bottom, blondie." Dream puffs his chest and tilts his chin – like he somehow has to prove he's the one in charge here. He not sure why he does it, he's not even sure if he'll mange to have sex with the man.

Although he's warming up to the idea, he knows '*warming up to the idea*' means he's accepting the fact that he wants to, no matter what he says or does. But he shoves those thoughts away, not wanting to go through all that in his head again.

His mind might be screaming at him to run – and he might not be able to do anything with the boy under him. But he still wants to stay close to that warm pink dripping on his back.

He's brought back the world when the devil himself speak up, "I can make your pretty green eyes cry for me – whilst *you fuck me*." Desk clammy with sweat under George's skin, rough hands grab the brits face with a yank.

The whole premise of not fucking him went out the window when he heard those words uttered, if anyone was gonna cry – it certainly wasn't Dream.

Yanking George's face a little more, "I don't really care, sweetheart, we both know you'll be my *bitch* , so I have no clue why you're still running that brat mouth of yours." Feeling down the pale boy's thighs with his other hand – scraping his nails right by his cock, but never touching.

The brunet became pliant so, so fast. Opening his mouth in shock looking like a lost puppy who just got a treat. How soft he became when he got thrown around, Dream would store for later use.

Chills run over his neck by the slight power trip he got seeing the boy like this – all for him.

"That's what I fucking thought," the blond spat harshly, "did you really think you would win some sort of, I don't know, fucking dominance over me, british boy?" Laughing slightly as he shoved the boy down again hard, backing off to throw off his own sweats. Getting undressed was all in impulse – running on autopilot as he stripped.

He didn't think much of why he did it. Stroking himself half heartedly, observing the pale body on his desk, crimson has never been so prominent in Dream's cheeks before – watching the brunet sit up on his elbows with a smirk once again, eyeing the cock being presented in front of him.

"Maybe, maybe not - it doesn't matter b-blondie," shifting his hips slightly as Dream positioned himself between porcelain thighs, "fuck, you are my favorite type of guy." George half whimpers, all the teasing and blue balling they've been doing tonight clearly affecting him too.

Dream chuckled, still jerking off his cock – caressing the area by the other boy's hipbone with his other hand, pale skin flushed as pink as the smoke around them. The desperation they felt for the other comes crashing down, it was only a matter of who broke first at this point.

“My type of guy?”

George's mocca eyes were for once not locked onto Dream's, rather his cock – cock leaking and angry red between his thighs, so close to where his own twitching one lays. The brunet bit his lip at the sight, breathing heavily as he looked up – fists clenched by his side.

Dream could tell the other tried to act nonchalantly, but the way his face contoured in all different shades of desperation was a dead giveaway. He didn't know when – or rather, didn't *care* when he stopped worrying over the fact he's standing between a *man's* legs.

His cock being too much in favor of the situation to give a shit. He wanted to see the boy beneath him unravel, and he wouldn't let his inner turmoil ruin that for him right now – that would be a problem to take care of tomorrow he decided, now he just wants release.

“Yeah, guys like you,” George starts with gritted teeth as he brings one of his slender arms downwards – probably to stroke himself Dream quickly realizes, grabbing his wrist harshly with a tsk. The smaller hand shakes slightly in it's restraints, before giving up – determined to keep fighting for control.

“Big guys who deserve to be p-put in place.” The brunette finishes with a false smirk – false because Dream could see how mocca started to water slightly, how his pretty pink cock leaked white by his navel.

Dream full on grinned at the fake act, the pink rush he felt seeing the other like this made him feel powerful – made him want to fuck into the smaller man until all he heard was his own name chanted with a british accent.

Ghosting his hand above the smaller cock, but never touching it directly – watching as it twitched in response, “Yeah? You wanna put me in place, darling?” Pet name rolling off his tongue with no second thoughts.

It was fascinating for him now that he's pushed all his worries away for a different day, to just go with his impulses. It was fascinating how he could make the other squirm. He has no experience with pleasing a cock, but having one himself – he likes to think he has a pretty good idea. Smirking slightly as he looked into mocca again with hooded eyes.

George was grabbing the edge of the desk with a white knuckle grip, breathing through his mouth – brown bangs sticking to his forehead. Giving Dream a death stare with watery blown out pupils, teeth grinding to keep the last of any composure he had, “Y-yeah I do, I can - I can tell you're a *soft bitch*.” Dream just smiled at the brunet’s harsh words, licking his canines.

Dream had to give it to the brit though; the boy never backed down. He would be lying if he said it wasn’t hot, he could already feel by the amount of fuzz in his lungs and teasing taking place – that he'd be cumming embarrassingly fast for the second time tonight.

Deciding to be risqué he stopped jerking his cock – grabbing the base as he moved closer, moccas eyes followed the action like a cat chasing a mouse, pale chest rising and sinking rapidly as the bigger man’s cock was hovering above his own. Look of excitement and worry on his face.

The blond teased his wet tip over the other man's sack, ever so lightly slapping it – spreading precum on the sensitive skin, “Holy shit, fuck,” the brit groaned as he rolled his head back on the desk with a bang, rutting his hips. Dream was absolutely buzzing with the reaction he achieved by the simple act, although he couldn’t blame him – he felt like he could cave himself at any given moment.

He dragged his cock all over George’s, lubing it with his own precum. The brunet shot his eyes open to watch it happen, both boys watched as another pump of transparent white slowly dripped out of the smaller cock, moaning, “Blondie... I - fuck, please.”

He's never felt this kind of power high before, being able to see someone, *a man*, lose it under him, pink steadily pumping through his bones as he spits in his hand – stroking George once with the makeshift lube of spit and precum. The smaller looked like he could cry, mouth permanently open with soundless moans.

"How do you plan on putting me in place, pretty boy?" Dream full on grinned as he teased a finger over his slit – watching as the brunet’s breath hitched, “Blondie, we’ve been d-doing this since I got to your stupid,” a soft intake of breath before continuing, “your stupid apartment.”

He knew what the other meant. Still, he wanted to see how far he could push the brit – to fulfill some sort of deep twisted fantasies he didn't know he had.

Fuck. Dream tried, he really did. He tried to keep up this act, but it was getting harder and harder to not just stick his dick somewhere inside the brunet. Clenching his jaw as he gave some pumps to the other man’s cock – it felt nice holding it, applying the same amount of pressure he would have done if he was jerking off – hoping it would do it for George as well.

And, by the looks of it – it did. Eyes snapping up to forest, salt on his waterline, “Yes, yes, yes, fuck - thank you, thank you.”

Well shit.

Groaning as he subconsciously speeds up his fist around George’s length, kneading the fat on the pale man’s thigh. He never knew he could get so much pleasure out of just touching someone – making them feel good, “God, now you're thanking me?”

Just a whimper of acknowledgment, Dream gets it though – he probably wouldn't be any better off himself considering he has been wanting to cum for the last forty minutes.

He couldn’t take his eyes away – how could he when the most beautiful man he's seen looks ready to fall apart at any moment . Squeezing the boy's tip as he leans over him, “Come on now,” the blond starts as he carefully kisses the other man’s jaw – still hesitant of how much he could bring himself to touch the other, so he resolves by pressing sweaty foreheads together, “is me touching your pretty cock,” a hiccup from the smaller making him pause, “all it takes for you to shut that filthy mouth?”

Shaky arms were thrown around a thick neck, “Dr’m, I-I, fuck” George moans out as the blond speeds up his fist again – a sadistic smirk on his lips seeing the man under him struggling to speak, “What was that?” Dream chuckled low, brushing their noses together, “You need to speak up, darling.” Hungry pink swirling around his chest.

A few moments of heavy breathing before a deep grunt, the smaller slowly opened his eyes, huffing a warm breath directly into Dream’s mouth as he spoke, “Yeah? You like that?” Voice raspy, surprisingly composed – tilting his chin to look directly into forest, faces barely touching.

Snaking a pink tongue over smirking cherry before continuing, “Doing such a good job pleasing me, b-blondie,” the brunet started fucking into the taller man’s fist. Fist that had slowed it’s movements out of awe – how quickly George had switched off the stuttering mess he once was, “So desperate to be good, aren't you?”

Cock twitching in agreement, looking down at mocca with wide eyes – fuzzy pink eloping his head harder than before, almost whining as he tried, “You-”

George didn't give him any time to voice his concern, lightly laying a dainty hand around the taller neck, "Fuck, so good Dream, m-make me feel so good." George was full on grinning now, seeing how the blond reacted.

"So proud of you."

He was frozen in place for a moment, the situation making him want to agree with the brunet's words – he did want to be good. Of course, who wouldn't want to. The blond never expected anyone to speak to him in this manner in bed, backtalk yes – but not this. Mouth filling with pink cotton as he grunted, looking like a big lost puppy.

George, just observing with a shit eating grin, fucking himself faster into Dream's tightening grip, "I - oh shit, you gonna be a good boy and make," skinny hips stuttering with a moan, "and make me cum all over m-myself?"

That snapped the taller out of it.

Dream bit his lips with a slight nod, the fuzz clearing up in his head. He knew the other was trying to win some sort of sick competition. He wasn't opposed to the idea of letting the other take control. Well, scratch that, he wouldn't be opposed to letting the other *think* he had control.

Also, being told he's good in a british accent wouldn't hurt either.

Leaning down to catch the other's ear in ivory, "Yeah, I wanna be good for you," Dream felt chipped fingernails dig into his skin in response. And god, it should not have made his breath hitch the way it did.

Normally, Mia's acrylics would tick him off, and not in a good way. Annoyed with the crimson marks they create – and the yellow they would leave behind. This time, his cock perked up more than he thought was possible. Christ, he really needed release.

Burying his nose in the *still* mulberry splotchy neck – deciding to say fuck it and lick over the marks, pressing his tongue into them to make sure the boy feels the slight tingle of pain, "Oh shit, y-yeah?" George all but grunts out, facade slipping, even more, when the blond presses his hip down on the desk *hard*, whilst his other hand resumes the jerking motion on his cock – leaving George no other choice but to lay and take whatever the blond gave.

"I - *ah* - fuck, you gonna be good and let me," the brunet cuts himself with the loudest moan Dream has heard come from the boy yet – speeding up his fist, high off of tasting porcelain skin under his tongue again, biting and sucking to create his own marks over the ones his girlfriend left.

Hand tangles in his blond locks – pushing him closer. The hand felt at place there, felt comforting, even if the other just needed somewhere to hold onto. It also helped ground Dream, reassurance in a way.

Kissing up his jaw, "Fuck, yes, god - yes, so good blondie." George tries to rut his hips up, only to get pushed back down again with a bruising grip, earning a whine, "I - I thought you wanted to be goo—" his sentence falls short as Dream finally connects their lips for a third time that night.

It's not pretty, it's pure lust and pent-up frustrations crashing down to one moment.

Dream feels the brunet's thighs strain by his sides – muscles tightening, both boys just panting in each other's open mouths, tongues gliding together at times. He could tell the other was close, smirking as his jerks sped up, "There you go, baby," he falsely encouraged – the hand in his hair yanked, sending a pleasurable pink sting through his scalp.

"D'rm I-" at that, the blond rips his hand away from George's cock.

Legs slightly shaking – bottom lip trembling as he screams out, "Fu-fuck!" Dream captures his wrists that fly down to grab a hold of himself with a tsk. Rutting his hips into nothingness for friction as one tear spills from mocca.

He looked ethereal like this, the taller man thought if he really tried – he could come from just the sight alone, "Color?" He softly asks, and if looks could kill, he would be a dead man.

"I'm - f-fuck, green," The brunet starts as he thrashes his hands against the restraints of Dream, "You're a fucking b-bitch." He spat coldly, gaze strong as they stared each other down, the sound of ragged breathing filling up the office, tears falling down the boy's pretty face silently as he composed himself.

"You think 'cause you f-fucking - god, you stop me from c-cumming you gonna—" George starts as he leans his head up closer to the blond.

“Do *you* think you can spit some praise at me, and fucking win some authority over me?” Dream cuts him off, meeting him halfway – noses almost touching. Clenched jaws and mischief burning behind molars and forest alike. Their dynamic was complicated, always this dance of who's on top.

“You're a big soft *bitch*, blondie, of course you'll act like a puppy if I tell you you're good.” The brunet speaks through gritted teeth, the boy wasn't wrong per se – but Dream would never let him know that.

“You're the one crying like a *bitch* here, pretty boy.”

“And *you* get off on seeing me cry.” Their voices were low but stern, holding firm eye contact for a moment before molars clash, colors of all emotions smoke up, it's hard – biting off lips and clashing teeth until they could taste crimson. Dream lets go of his wrist to rather explore his body, one hand finding home around his neck.

“Teach me how I can fuck you,” he grunts against swollen cherry, “so I can fucking ruin you.”

George's eyes fly open, slight smirk on his face as he rolls the blond's lip between sharp ivory – snapping it back before speaking, “You think you could ruin me?”

“George, I swear to—”

“Finger me.” The brunet interrupts, “You need to stretch me.”

The blond looks slightly confused for a second before the brit speaks up again, “What,” he smiled, “I don't have a pussy, blondie.”

Oh, Dream knew the boy didn't alright, but hearing him say it made it all real. The reality of the situation dawned on him. *I'm really about to fuck him.* Deciding to shut his mind up, because yes – he did actually wanna fuck this man, squeezing the marked up neck, “Shut that smartass mouth.”

Maybe George knew what he was doing, knew he was angering the man – or just being a total bitch about how Dream was new to this. Playing on the blond's fears to get treated roughly.

Either way, it seemed to be working as he smiled in response to the choking like a brat, “God, you really are something else.” Loosening the hold he had on the other, leaning up to slide his cock over the brunet’s lower abdomen, slightly nudging his leaking one, “Do you really think you can take it?”

Dream had no idea what could and couldn't fit. His words were meant to be genuine, laced with teasing. Seeing as the blond’s size was generous, but it wasn't anything unrealistic, it was proportionate to the rest of him – rest of him being also big.

And the brunet was quite the opposite, where Dream was tan – George was pale. Where the blond was tall – he was short. The brit had dark hair and mocca eyes – whereas Dream had his blond locks and green piercing ones.

Opposites really do attract, huh?

George looks down towards their groins – eyebrows slightly furrowed as he bit his spit slick lip, “Trust me, it will - you really need to knock your ego down.” The brit’s face told another story – staring at Dream’s length with an unreadable expression, “get lube.”

Deciding to let the other boy continue his ogling, as he backed away to retreat the lube – remembering the damn lube is in the bedroom, yellow starting to drip down his back slowly, “Fuck off.”

“What?” George asks, confusion written on his face – the blond didn't have that teasing tone, “The fucking lube is in the bedroom,” Dream sighed as he untangled himself from the boy underneath him.

Stroking his cock lazily as he just looked down at the other, he had a beautiful british boy on his fucking office desk, naked – that his girlfriend has found on a dating app. He hadn't even thought about wanting to sleep with men before tonight. Well, he had refused to think about it.

He watched as the brunet’s muscles flexed as he leaned up on his elbows – how his stomach was wet with pre cum and sweat, thighs and hips slightly bruised from Dream’s hands – up to the marks covering his porcelain neck, *fuck* . He looked absolutely wrecked already.

“If you're gonna go see your girlfriend, blondie, maybe stop staring at me and lose that boner.”

Throwing a glare at the smirking boy before turning around to find some sweats, “don’t flatter yourself,” he lied, this boy might be the best thing that has ever happened to his cock, the boy's smart mouth as well – no matter how much Dream would deny it. He picks up two pairs of discarded joggers, throwing one straight in George's face, “and you're coming with me.”

He looked shocked for a second before bursting out laughing – and god, it must be one of the best sounds he's heard. *What the fuck, when did he become so sappy.*

“Are you fucking stupid?” The brit speaks up, and as fast as the endearment came – it disappeared. Throwing on his sweats with a huff, “Jesus, I wanna fuck you mute.”

George just smiles as he hops down from the desk, throwing the sweats on as well. “Wow, you're really coming out of your shell, Dream.”

He supposes the other is right, he doesn’t really care anymore – he wants to fuck the boy mostly to shut him up, to win some sort of silent competition of who’s in charge. Alas, he just really wants to sleep with George.

“Yeah, or maybe I just want to use you till I cum, and leave.” Dream spat as he walked over to the other, pink exploding in his chest when he saw the height difference standing up again. Both boys apparently sizing the other up, the brunet tilts his head a tad too much – just to emphasize his short length, wide doe eyes biting back a smile, “You sure it's only because you want to cum, blondie?”

It's embarrassing how his cock twitches at just the sight, “How many men have you done that too?”

“Done what?”

Dream was sure the brunet knew what he was doing, narrowing his eyes as he lay his forearms over each of George’s shoulder – leaning down slightly to talk in his face, “Bat your pretty lashes,” pressing their foreheads together as slender hands start roaming his back, making him shudder, “I bet you go to bars to find lonely horny men,” bringing their mouths closer to whisper the rest of the words into cherry, “and oh so innocently blink those pretty eyes up at them until they *fuck you* .”

“Are you calling me a whore, blondie?” He whispers back, Dream could feel his grin against his own lips. Brushing cherry against each other, almost a kiss, “I plan on finding out.”

At that, they dive in again, it's softer this time around – but still hard. Who could blame them, they have been on the brink of cumming for god knows how long – taking out their growing annoyance on one another. Dream tangled one hand in dark locks, as the other felt down a toned back.

Grabbing a hold of the boy's ass, gripping it with such force he hoped it would leave a mark – clothed erections clashing together. He couldn't help but compare it to when he would feel Mia up. It felt the same – at the same time, it felt so much better in every way.

Also, the muted yellow she provided could never compare to the swirling pink running down his body when he grabbed George. Tongues fighting for dominance, spit being mixed as he got pushed away with a whine,

“W-what, are you ok?”

“Yeah, just–” the brunet started, almost laughing, “do you want us to meet your *girlfriend* like this?” Looking down between them, two prominent erections sticking out.

If he was being honest, he didn't give a shit anymore – they'd been at this for way too long, “Fucking put it in your waistline or something,” doing exactly that, you could still see he was rocking a boner, but now a little less noticeable. Mocca looks at him with a glare asking if he was stupid.

“She's gonna be out of it anyway, don't you remember what happened, like, an hour ago?” Ruffling his blond locks, drops of yellow dripping in pink steadily as he got ready to walk out.

“You're a shit boyfriend for that by the way.” He heard from behind him, the other was right – he did leave her alone after an intense threesome, so he did nothing but clench his fist by his side as he opened the door, “You left her too,” he mumbles, switching the blame onto both of them.

“Yeah I did, she deserves it honestly.” The brunet sighed.

What, “why would you say that?” He knows with this newfound information about himself – and that he's about to sleep with someone else, *a man*, that he has no right to get defensive over her.

Talking in hushed voices as they walk down the hall, “For starters, she talked to me about getting laid for how long? Two or three weeks?” Dream couldn't see the brit's face as they walked, but he

sounded guilty, “I had the impression you both wanted this until the day she called me, she slipped up and said you finally changed your mind.”

Dream just hums, ignoring the implications of his girlfriend talking to another guy, “I didn’t want to until I watched this threesome porn or whatever, and I actually managed to get hard.” Looking back at it, the blond could piece the puzzle together that perhaps the guys in the video had something to do with that.

Almost by the bedroom door as he half whispers, “Why is a pretty guy like you on a dating app anyways?”

“Im not?”

The blond halts slightly before smiling, it wasn't a surprise, really – he expected it, chuckling before he speaks, “Where did you meet then.” He didn't know why he was smiling, maybe he found the whole situation laughable.

Glancing at the brunet for a second, he looked like a walking question mark, “Did - did she say…”

“Yeah, something about putting pictures of us in a dating app.”

“I'm sorry blondie, I met her at some - at some bar months ago,” a slight frown on the brit’s face as they stood outside the door with said girl inside. Frowning didn’t fit the boy at all.

He didn’t care to be honest, all he felt was the ugly yellow almost overtaking the pink, so he said just that, “I don’t care bro.” Opening the door as he heard George mutter something about not calling him that.

The room was dimly lit – expected, “Babe?” All he got in response was a grunt as he walked towards the bed, spotting the lube on the floor beside it. Mia stirred slightly, peeking her head from the mattress as Dream squatted, “Hey, babe,” she smiled, looking behind Dream and spotting the brunet, “Oh, hi, George.”

It felt like he was showering in yellow, the brit’s voice flaring pink again, “Hi, Mia.” George's voice was raspy, and embarrassingly so, it made the blond’s half hard cock stand more in attention. He never knew someone's fucking voice could make his body react, he felt like a virgin being in

proximity to the boy.

Pocketing the small clear bottle as he says, “I’m just gonna drive british boy over here home, alright?”

“Where have you been-”

He can see her sit up so he pushes himself up as well, turning his back towards her – turning his back against yellow, “I’ll be back soon, ok?” Dream didn’t care what she responded – if she got up for a kiss, he wouldn’t know. Pushing the other boy while he rasped out a cocky, “Maybe i’ll see you two soon.” God, this guy really was a player.

Grabbing George by the wrist as he slams the door shut – yanking him through the hallway, “Jesus, slow dow-” he didn’t get to finish before Dream spun around – picking him up. He had wanted to do that all night, taking advantage of the height difference, placing his hand on the other man’s ass for support – walking on autopilot to the office.

Both boys half moan as Dream’s rapidly growing erection pushes into the brunet, diving to attack on his neck as they walk, “God, now teach me how to *stretch* you or whatever, so I can fuck the living shit out of you.” He speaks against porcelain skin.

George just moans as he yanks in blond locks to get him closer, “Yes, fuck, please.”

“Are you begging me for cock?” Slamming the office door shut – he didn’t care if Mia heard at this point. He was too focused on wanting to get inside the boy in his arms, that he didn’t even register he just begged him to get fucked.

“Be rough, please – I’ll use the traffic light system, please just rui-” the brunet gets cut off with a groan as he’s slammed down to the all too familiar desk again. If he wanted rough, Dream would gladly do that.

“Good, I wasn’t exactly planning on being nice with your bratty ass anyway, no matter how pretty you beg,” ripping off the brunet’s sweats – already hard cock slapping against his stomach. He would tease him about it, but he was sporting a similar problem himself.

Throwing the lube on a pale chest as he steps out of his own confinements, almost throwing

himself on top of the other as he captures cherry with his own, tongues gliding over teeth with haste and aggression – it was happening, finally getting release, he didn't expect any of them to be able to last very long, but it didn't matter.

Snatching the brit's lips in ivory as he pulls away, pink engulfing his head, "How-"

Seemingly knowing what Dream meant, the brunet cuts him off, "Fuck, lube three fingers up," minds working faster than their bodies, teasing out of the window, reeking desperation for one and other.

So, Dream did just that, pouring the liquid onto his fingers – placing the non-slicked hand on the brits thigh, trying to get a better view of where he needed to be attending.

"One finger, slowly - otherwise it hurts." George was leaning on his elbows, lips rolling between canines as he watched the blond lower his hand, "you sure you still want this?" Dream speaks up as he circled the other man's rim – sparks of excitement and nervousness fell down on his body.

"Are you fucking stupid? Yes of cour-" a whine cuts of the brunet's sentence as Dream slowly starts pushing in, "G-god, yes - fuck."

He didn't know if the other was scrunching his eyes in enjoyment or pain, so he started gently massaging the fat on the brit's thigh, feeling the muscle around his finger slowly loosen up. All he could think about was how it would feel around his cock – twitching at the thought, gripping harder onto his thigh.

"Shit, you can move, blondie."

"Move?"

"Move your finger," George sighed as he opened his eyes – locking mocca on forest, a grin spreading on his face. Gazes unrelenting as the blond started pushing in and out.

The taller couldn't take his eyes away, watching as Georges mouth dropped open – how his chest raised and fell rapidly. He didn't know how long he had been staring, so when the brunet requested another finger – he did as asked, no questions about it.

He had a steady pace going before the brunet's elbows gave in – sending him flat on the desk with a moan, “I, fuck, right there!” Dream didn't quite understand – well, he did know about the prostate so that was a lie, he kept his fingers in the same position, lightly nudging the sweet spot with his thrusts.

Hearing the man's sounds get louder in time with his fingers, Dream decides to speak up for what feels like the first time in forever – having been in shock over how good the british boy felt and looked, “Oh yeah? So good, I know baby.” He didn't know, but he could imagine it was – if the noises he was making were any confirmation.

Dream's voice was dark as he went harder, watching as the boy under him frantically gripped over his head to hold on to the edge of the desk, “Such a pretty boy,” leaning down to kiss down the inside of pale thighs, “Such a pretty sight.”

“*Ah* - Dream, please.” The brunet manages to grunt out, Dream has worked his mouth down by the other's crotch. Hovering over the leaking length – never in his life had he thought he would be presented with a cock in his face. And never had he thought he'd be contemplating tasting it.

Fingers still going fast – arm never tiring, not yet at least. Being used to this strain in his muscles from doing it to Mia over the years. He looks up from Georges crotch behind damp blond bangs, ecstatic to find mocca looking back – mouth permanently open. The brunet looked beautiful, broken like this, a sheen of sweat covering his face – tips of his eyebrows perking up.

With a slight smirk Dream thrusts his hand harder as he licks from the base of the smaller man's cock to the tip *slowly* . George's mouth opens and closes multiple times as he watches the action – mocca still on the blond as they slightly roll back.

It tasted kind of like he expected it would, salty – but clean salt. It was hard to explain, wanting to explore more of the new flavor, he runs his tongue over the slit. A pump of precum releasing in his mouth.

And fuck.

Ha had not expected to enjoy this so much – loving the taste and general feel of the cock under his tongue. George looks like he could lose it, tears threatening to spill out – impact of getting his prostate hammered while the blond explored this newfound hobby on his cock, “B-blondie, you - oh fuck.”

Sucking slightly on the tip while running his tongue under the cock head, completely in his own world, “D-dream!” The brunet all but screams, “I-Im g’nna,” Dream gets what he means, stopping all his movement as he leaves sloppy kisses all over the pale stomach, he hears whimpers growing steadily as he works his way up, “Can I get my fucking dick in you now?”

“G-god, mm, please.” Seeing the other close like this. He looked like an angel, blown out teary eyes staring deeply into him, he couldn't help but give the soft kiss he gave. George's breathing calmed as cherry carefully gilded against each other.

It was warm and peaceful – pink and crimson cheeks, slowly ghosting their hand all over the other, brushing his thumb over a sharp jaw. Licking his bottom lip asking for entrance. The tongues were slow as well, seductively dancing around one another.

Dream has never felt this need to make love to someone – to show them how much he appreciates them with his body. Almost whimpering when he feels George's hand scratch his scalp, well, he's pretty sure he actually made a sound of contentment.

This pink bubble bursts when the brunet speaks up lowly, smirking against Dream's lips, “You really are a *soft bitch*, blondie.” Of course he would say that.

Grabbing the hickey covered neck hard as his other hand finds the lube, “I almost liked you there,” harshly yanking the brunet slightly up from the desk by his throat – earning him a beautiful whine, “then you opened that fucking mouth.”

Staring at George's fucked out expression before smirking at him, pushing him down as he released his chokehold. Dream felt these goosebumps raise on his arms throwing the boy around – maybe it was this sick feeling of power, he didn't know. All he knew was that it made his cock jump.

Lubing his cock up with some quick motions, slapping the brunet's thigh – spreading them, “Can I fuck you, baby?” Lining the tip of his cock to the warm heat. God, it felt like his cock was crying, desperate to get inside.

“Shit, o-ok, but Dream – fuck, you need to go slow,” the blond just hums as he throws George's legs over his own shoulder, dragging the boy down the desk, “Actually, you have to – you're not the smallest guy,” Dream couldn't help but grin at the words as he caressed the boy's legs – soft, he didn't know how he hasn't noticed yet, but the brit did shave. Probably too horny on hormones to care.

Getting a glare from mocca, “I’m not feeding your fucking ego, blondie,” Dream slapped the tip of his cock against the other’s rim, “S-shit.”

“May I?” He asked.

“I doubt you will be able to ruin me, but go for it.” Of course the brunet had to chip in a last tease. He would talk back if it were any other circumstance, but he was about to put his cock inside another man for the first time. So he didn't really care.

His head hyper focusing on the heat that engulfed his tip as he pushed in, biting down on the thigh by his face – eyebrows stuck in a furrowed state. He’s fucked a lot – he had a girlfriend, but nothing could compare to the warmth spreading, watching his dick disappear inside of George, “Oh my…” he couldn't help but slip out.

“I know.” The smaller groaned back.

The brunet had a knuckle white grip on the edge of the desk – groaning as the taller bottomed, “You-you’re so fucking, fuck.” Dream thought if he would die tomorrow he would die a happy man. Well, maybe that's overreacting – but this definitely has to be the best thing he's felt. It sounded like George choked as the blond started leaning over the desk – folding him in half, driving his cock deeper.

“Oh god, oh shit, oh fuck.” The bottom moans out, Dream places his hands on either side of his head – looming over him, sadistic pleasure filling him seeing how mocca brimmed with tears, “Hm, looks like you could take it after all.” Award-winning grin on his face.

George just grunts out a ‘mmm’ in response, adjusting to being penetrated. His head was lolled to the side – eyes clenched shut. The blond wouldn’t have any of that, yanking his chin forward forcing eye contact – running his thumb over his bottom lip, this dark idea of spitting on the other appears, but he didn’t want to cross any boundaries – leaving it be for now.

“Stop staring a-and fucking move.”

“I’m so glad I’m able to f-fuck your mouth shut.”

Dragging almost all the way out before slamming in again, both boys grunt as their eyes struggle to stay open. It was like a pink heatwave washed over his body, butterflies of all colors flying in his lower abdomen.

He could already tell this would end embarrassingly fast. Gliding his cock slowly over George's walls, letting a way too loud moan slip. Forest eyes jumped all around the brit's face as he started at an agonizingly slow pace.

George's eyes were hooded, dark bangs hanging loosely over them. Smirking slightly as he rolls his tongue over cherry – the blond's breath staggered as he studied down the boy's neck again, seeing his own marks, "Jesus, fuck," as he speeds up his hips.

Visual alone making his muscles tighten. He hangs his head low – blond locks almost tickling George's nose, jaw unhinged. Trying his best to keep it together, screwing his eyes shut to think about things that would turn him off. It proved to be difficult when all he could feel was the brit's heat around him.

"Be good and k-keep your eyes on me, blondie." The other must have known how Dream was struggling, or he just liked all the attention on himself – both seemed fairly possible.

"Shut - fuck, shut up."

"I th-thought you were gonna - *ah*, gonna fuck my mouth shut?" God, this boy was driving him insane, roughly leaning back up to throw George's legs off his shoulders. He didn't care if he was close to cumming already, something dark burning inside him. Fed up with british bratting.

"Wh-what are you—"

"Shut the fuck up." Grabbing the shorter man's neck with an iron grip, dragging him by it to almost sit up – manhandleing him down the desk to sit on the edge in a way he could fuck into the boy.

And, fuck into him he would, never releasing his chokehold as he starts slamming harder than prior – earing gurgled moans, almost shouting in his face as foreheads brushed together, "This what you fucking wanted?" Bringing his other hand to hold the brunet up by his thigh to thrust deeper, "So d-desperate for someone to break you?" All morals out the window as he spits on the bridge of his nose, "How fast you make me cum?" Hips nearing an animalistic pace, "Is that what you wanted to hear?"

George has the audacity to smile up at him through choked grunts, Dream's spit running by the side of his stupid smirk. Mop of dark hair bouncing in time with his hips, desk creaking underneath them, "God, yo-you actually are the b-biggest fucking slut I've seen."

Slamming the brit down the desk again, releasing the iron fist around his throat. George heaved loudly, catching his breath again, "Pl's I, Dr-" Dream didn't have any care for what he was saying, focused on wiping that cocky grin off his face – Grabbing his hips roughly to increase his momentum, never relenting his speed.

"Holy shit, shit, shit, shit, shit." The brunet chants with wide eyes – tears mixing with Dream's spit on his face as he gets pounded into from the new angle, pens and papers flying off the desk, "Don't - don't stop, ple-please." He would try not to stop, he would go as far to overstimulate himself if he came too quick, just to please the fucking brat under him.

When he became such a pleaser, he didn't know. Technically he was still the one in charge, right?

Switching his focus from the pretty face down to the boy's leaking cock, he freezes, slowing his thrust with a loud moan, experimenting with snapping his hips slowly, deeply and hard – watching as George's belly sucks in when he retreats his cock, and how it protrudes when he snaps it back in. The blond's eyes cloud slightly, why he was tearing up he couldn't say, leaving a loud whimper to alert the other.

George shifts his gaze to forest, two pairs of glossed over eyes meeting each other. Dream ghosts a hand over the pale stomach as he picks up his speed again, roughly slamming into him like a doll off the bat. Mocca eyes follow the hand downwards, opening his mouth in a soundless gasp, "Fu-fuck," he simply groans – laying both his dainty hands over the area to feel the bulge better.

Dream's toes curled into the carpet, "Geo-george, I'm n-not gonna be able to hold back."

"Me ne-neither."

Moaning in unison as the sound of slapping was all the blond could focus on, intense pink engulfing his entire body, hips at an ungodly pace, diving as hard as he could manage.

The brunet grabbed a hold of his own cock, frantically jerking it, trying to push his slender hips down to meet Dream's – to somehow get it harder.

“Dr’ m I’m gonna-” Speeding his fist.

“Ye-yeah?”

“Yeah, god, fuck.” Gazes locking onto each other, muscles tightening with the coil in their stomach, trembling slightly.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“Shit.” The blond digs his nails into pale skin until crimson appeared, both boys swearing incoherent chants to the other through gritted teeth. How the brunet’s head limply bounced in times with his thrust has him almost at the edge.

Sweaty bodies working together, Dream was in his own bubble of almost release, it surprised him when mocca rolled back into his skull, as white shot up all the way to his chest – some of it hitting his chin with a sob, “Fuck!”

Tightening around his cock mixed with the brit cumming all over himself drags him impossibly close, “You-you’re making - *ah* - such a pretty me-mess of-” He didn’t know why he was even attempting to speak at this moment, everything turning pink and white.

“Cum in me, pl-please.” And so he did, sloppily driving his length in and out of the heat as his toes curled harder – stomach muscles almost aching with the strain. Phrases of how good he’s being and how good it feels enters his head as his vision goes pink, a singular tear running down the tan face, “Holy...”

He didn’t know when he collapsed on the other – not really caring either, feeling hands brush through his sweaty locks, lazily feeling up the brunet’s body with a grunt. Heavy breathing and wet bodies is all it is for a moment.

“We need to talk, blondie.”

PLS GIVE ME FEED BACK OF WHAT U THOUGHT? <3

[MY TWITTER](#)

Maybe pink isnt so bad after all

Chapter Summary

Lips trembling he finally looks up to mocca again, breathing becoming erratic as the fucking thumping in his ears sped up, feeling his blood rise and fall, “Just don’t call me that.”

George’s face permanently stuck in a worried state, lips wrinkling downwards with downturned eyes, “What?” The boy croaks out, shy words bouncing off the office walls.

A moment before the brit spoke again, “Call you gay?”

Freckled face scrunching at the bluntness of it all, how the man just said it as it was – no filter, like the concept wasn't scary, because it was scary. Voice cracking as he lets out a yes in agreement.

George tugged his arm, and Dream resisted.

OR THE LONG AWAITED MOCCA CHAPTER

Chapter Notes

Omg mommy daddy finally posted the last chapter of mocca, now you can stop yelling at me

ENJOY, U BEEN WAITING!

[MY TWITTER](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“We need to talk, blondie.”

The pink pulsing of his climax gradually started to simmer down to labored breathing and flushed cheeks, cock twitching where it lay inside the brunet. Glow of an orgasm dabbing off to reality.

Reality of fucking another man–

“Fu...” A thick grunt as he slides out from the heat surrounding him, wincing from the sensitivity, Mia a few meek doors away – probably having heard all the commotion, all the commotion of her own boyfriend slamming into some stranger on his office desk.

Mahogany wood damp – sticky with dried salt and old bodily fluids, desk marked with sin and years of his life being a lie. Letting out a shaky breath, watching the pale boy under him, how he could look so ethereal still dirtied with cum and hues of magenta bruises.

Why–fuck–why did he find the boy beautiful still?

Mocca eyes roll back with an airy whimper, feeling the blond remove himself, “Dream?”

Clicking his tongue on bruised sinful lips, he slowly walked backwards, away from the boy, away from whatever the fuck he’d just done. Heart starting to hammer pitch black throughout his body – *regret*, regret and shame. Swallowing hard around nothing, he stumbles slightly into his discarded joggers.

Snapping his eyes down to pick them up – throwing them on haphazardly.

“Blondie?”

Fabric felt rough on his dirtied skin, letting out a weak breath as his back hit the wall with a thud, refusing to look at the naked man. He should probably help clean him up, it's what he should do, right?

Right ?

Biting his lips deciding against it, *prick*, starting to slide down the wall, emitting a sound when his exposed back dragged against the surface, forest eyes burning holes into the carpet – the same carpet his toes curled into, while he came inside of another m–

“Dream!”

Air getting caught in his tightening throat, hitting the ground softly, his golden bangs swaying. “You,” not even finishing the sentence as he brings his knees jerkily crisscrossed in front of him – fingers toying with each other in his lap, black smoke choking him up, counting his fingers to ignore the sinking feeling.

A mere ghost of dark tufts of hair moving out of his peripheral, nostrils flaring as he just thinks.

He cheated.

He cheated on someone that loves him – someone he whispered to during late nights, *I will never leave your side* . That they would be each other's for the rest of their lives, *I will never hurt you*.

He cheated.

He cheated with a man – with someone who makes his pulse quicken, makes his cheeks flush. *A man . A fucking man* , fingers twitching where they lay, slight disgust painted on golden features, gut churning as bile starts forming, wanting to throw it up, wanting to get it out of his system. Trying to blink – blink it *all* away as he lets out a sound, “Geo–”

Unwanted pink light started pulling him up from the black void he was falling in, he didn’t want the pink to be there – didn’t want the pink to be *pink for him* . For other people, sure, but for him to experience it with another man, no.

Pissed *she* couldn't be the pastel colors, why did *he* have to make them appear, eyebrows furrowing as George sits down in front of him, sweatpants on, cleaning himself off with one of Dream’s old t-shirts, scoffing watching it happen.

Their knees bump slightly as mocca and forest mixed once again, “Dream...” The boy spoke calmly, almost soft voice despite his fucked out throat, “Tell me what you’re thinking.”

Huffing as he breaks his gaze, running a tongue under his top lip, “No–no, you said–you said we needed to talk, what,” a shaky intake of air, “What is it?”

George hums, trailing a lone finger over the blond’s kneecap, making him flinch away from the

warmth. Not wanting hands on him – or rather, not wanting the boy’s touch on him. The brunet seemingly got the memo, a small spark of hurt behind molten irises, “We can talk about that later,” he starts, bringing his knees to himself – away from Dream, “Just tell me why you’re freaking out.”

Blond brows perk, pink and black swirling around his lungs – they matched together like lost puzzle pieces, dancing around his veins like a couple, both colors making his heart stutter with shame. “It’s, uhm, nothing,” his pulse quickens, feeling thumping in his fingertips.

Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallows down thick syrup, not able to continue as George speaks before him, “You’re scared of the whole being gay thing again–”

“Don’t call me *that* .” Dream breathes out, slowly looking up into the brit’s eyes, feeling like he’s drowning in hot coffee. He wished he could, wishing the man’s eyes would take away all the worries like they had done prior.

Black replaced with blue, not shame anymore, just pure desperation and confusion, feeling his bottom lip tremble for a faint moment, a cold hiccup waiting for George to say anything, *do anything* .

Like the brit somehow knew all the answers.

George looked genuine, biting on the skin around his thumb, that teasing boy long forgotten, murmuring, “Sorry if I – if I pressured you, earlier, I tried to help you realize.”

Sucking down on his bottom lip hard to stop himself from crumbling, to stop the heartsick feeling from taking overdrive of his emotions, breath hitching, “Make me realize what?” Voice barely above a whisper, sounding–sounding purely *weak* .

“Y’know–”

“Don’t.” He backtracks, he knows what the other will say. Snapping his head down to not look at the sin sitting a foot in front of him – the boy’s violet hues littered across his skin, left by the blond’s own disgusting mouth – and his girlfriend’s sugary lips.

Taking a shallow breath as his left eye slightly blurred, he’d really done it. Repulsed by himself for a multitude of reasons, the regret of his actions eating him up from the inside, making his skin buzz

– feeling almost numb as goosebumps rose alongside his nape.

Betraying the trust of someone that loved him – he might not love her he realizes now, but Mia still gave him everything, all pretty smiles and heart-shaped eyes, holding him while he slept – whispering sweet nothings, grunting as he remembered her yellow words, “I cheated.”

George's face contorted in all different shades of confusion, “Blondie, you–she,” he started, observing how Dream's hands trembled, how the green eyes started glossing over, “Hey, Dream, are you forgetting *she lied to you* ?” A breath, whispering the last part, “Maybe it's better for you to worry about your other problems right now?”

Yet another blue hiccup makes its way up the blond's throat, “There is no other – other problems,” he lied through his teeth, maybe ignoring it, maybe pretending he didn't just fuck a guy, how he absolutely hates himself for it – it would go away, “I-I experimented with you, and, and now I know I'm not into guys.” The last part comes out like a silent prayer, a weak snuffle.

Maybe if there was a God above, it would hear them – hear Dream's silent begging, repent him from his sins, make his urges to drag the man in front of him against his broken lips go away.

George's pale nose wrinkled like a little bunny, jaw clenching and relaxing over and over again, scanning mocca eye's all over Dream's figure, coffee irises starting to fill with liquid salt of their own, just observing the blond's turmoils – *Dream hated that look on him under these circumstances.*

“Dream, you–I,” George starts as he sits on the back of his heels, brown eyes basking in a speckle of hurt, his lungs stuttering before he continues, “Can I hold your hand?” He's never heard the man this unsure.

His blood ran cold at the words, letting out a sound of... he didn't really know what sound came out of him, clenching his eyes shut *hard*, all shades of blue swimming in his vision, trying oh-so desperately to not let that one tear fall over his lash line, “Ok,” he mumbles against his better judgment, presenting his hand, still not looking at the other.

Sitting back down he brings the blond's hand in his lap – holding it with both his dainty ones, toying with the fingers as he exhales. Dream's hand twitches as blunt nails scrape over his knuckles, the pink comfort almost making it easier to just let go – let the panic dancing around his gut, out.

But he refused, taking a shallow intake of air, clearing his throat in a sorry, “I-I just, fuck, I just,” enclosing his fist around one of George’s hands – he didn’t know which one, palm swallowing a slender pointer-finger, holding on as if it were a life line. The brunet’s free hand continued its caressing, “You what, Dream?”

Lips trembling he finally looks up to mocca again, breathing becoming erratic as the fucking thumping in his ears sped up, feeling his blood rise and fall, “Just don’t call me *that* .”

George’s face permanently stuck in a worried state, lips wrinkling downwards with downturned eyes, “What?” The boy croaks out, shy words bouncing off the office walls.

A moment before the brit spoke again, “Call you gay?”

Freckled face scrunching at the bluntness of it all, how the man just said it as it was – no filter, like the concept wasn’t scary, *because it was scary* . Voice cracking as he lets out a *yes* in agreement.

George tugged his arm, and Dream resisted.

Well, he tried to, his body going limp as green eyes filled to the brim, pulse thumping even more so brutally in his ears now, a panicked sound let loose as he looked around the room for a distraction – a distraction to not let it fall over, to not let the hues of blue swallow him whole, not even realizing as he got pulled in for a sitting hug.

Hands tangling in golden locks delicately, holding his face into the brunet’s neck, essence of faint sex still lingering on his doll skin. A choked grunt as that godawful black cloud in his stomach grew – grew and traveled up to his chest, feeling a singular tear finally fall, running down his left cheek, “I don’t wanna, wanna be like this.” He stuttered out, “I have a, have a girl, a job, a–”

That dainty hand in his hair started stroking, hearing a sound above him, “Blondie, you’re acting like the world is ending over some dick.” George tried to laugh, tried to lighten the mood.

Not that it helped all that much, his gut continued to pull and sink making him seasick.

He didn’t respond to the tease, just staring at the door with empty wet eyes, feeling the brunet’s heartbeat under his ear. It was almost calming in a way – the boy’s warmth, hearing him inhale and exhale as his heart, *bump, bump, bump* .

The smaller man's Adam's apple bobs as a phantom kiss is delivered to the crown of golden locks, "It's ok to like men, Dream."

Huffing as more drier salt started falling over, George must have felt the wetness puddling on his chest, "I know that, you don't have to tell me that," he gasps, a hard punch of air hitting his lungs as the first sob falls out, "I'm – I'm not some kid."

"Shh," the brunet cooed as he started drifting backwards, gently laying them down on the carpet, only making the blond start shedding even more bitter tears, getting pressed harder against a bruised chest – gripping on the man's waist to hold onto... *something* .

Hitting the ground with a soft thud, almost laying fully on top of the smaller, getting caressed like a baby, muted pink fighting – *trying* to over take the angry disgusting black filling his eyes with liquid, and his mind with horrid thoughts.

Putting a name on it all – having to decide, having to figure it out, *accept it* , made nasty emotions pump through his veins, a sniff barely audible as a hand raked over his back, gently massaging the muscles.

Another ghost of satin lips against a tan temple, almost like he knows what Dream is thinking, the man speaks up, voice hushed, "You don't have to label yourself, blondie."

Shuddering waves of blue washed over, making him choke up for a brief moment, trying to stay as composed as possible, "George..." he croaks as a tear falls again, he has no idea why he's singing the boy's name, why he's so desperately calling out for him when he's right there. Feeling a slim leg tangle with his own on the floor, having half a mind to think how the smaller must lay uncomfortably, sobs echoing throughout the office.

No time to voice his concerns as George continues, "Just like, love who you wanna love, y'know," the brunet half laughs, teasing his hand back in dirtied locks, "I know it sounds cliché," resting his jaw on the crown of Dream's head, "Just don't lie to yourself," silken lips kissing all over the blond where he could reach, making the tears break loose, choking on oxygen as; "You're so beautiful," a British accent whispers into the room, "So, so beautiful, *promise me* you won't lie to yourself."

Feeling dampness hit his scalp, frail shy tears running from George's face down to golden features – as Dream's own eyes started dissolving in blue ones.

“You don’t need stupid labels for it, like–”

“George–” Dream cuts him off with a shaky whine, wanting the other to shut up, make him stop talking before the words become reality.

“I mean it, blondie,” the smaller takes over again, clearing his throat in excuse for the hiccups in his breath, “Who gives a fuck – fuck who you wanna fuck, it’s just sex.”

Squeezing the boy’s waist again, nails penetrating his flushed skin as George’s neck wound up wet and messy, “I know but–”

“Love who makes you smile, who cares if it’s some dude who makes you giddy,” he laughed, smacking Dream’s bicep, “Or makes your cock hard.”

Dream tried, he really tried not to smile, but he couldn’t help the twitch that appeared on his dried lips, “You’re such an idiot.” He huffs, the black and blue tears of remorse still there, albeit, a little less.

“That’s rich coming from you right now.” The other light-heartedly mocked.

They lay there for a moment, feeling each other up softly in silence as Dream’s mind went rampant, skimming their hands all over the body of the other, wet flushed cheeks and puffy eyes cooling. His face vibrating with the rumble in George’s chest as he hummed a tune, he couldn’t decipher what the tune was – but calming nonetheless with the hands dragging over his spine.

Eyes tired and slightly moist, a sniff as he croaks out, “How, how did you meet Mia?” The words feel like acid on his lips, dripping down his jaw mixing with the black cloud already present on his chest – another thing making his heart stutter.

He hears a swallow – a gulp if you will – from above him, humming stopping, “We, shit, some months ago,” letting out a weak laugh, tightening his arms over Dream’s back in comfort, whispering the last part into blond locks, “At a bar, she... she was with a group of people–”

“Did you fuck her?” Feeling like his neck was burning up, flushing with despair, eyes threatening

to start their little wet adventure as he toyed with George's sides again, waiting for the unavoidable answer.

Whatever the answer may be, it would still make the black storm through his head persist, she's either betrayed years of co-existing for a quick lay – or, Dream himself has fucked her friend after lying to them both for years.

Lying .

A dead chuckle escaping his tongue from the word, *lying* . Lying to himself, lying to his *girlfriend* . Swallowing down regret and hope – hopes of being able to be with *her* , with a sound of desperation, “Answer me,” lash line wetting with liquid blue, “Please.”

“Dream, I–” George starts, splaying his hand flat on the taller's back, “I was with some friends, and, and she was there with a group of girls.”

Barely above a whisper, voice raspy, “Answer, George. Please.”

“No, I didn't,” The brunet's voice was stern, more words laying on the tip of his tongue, ready to be puked out – Dream's heart falters at the words, he should be happy, right?

Their synced heartbeats were like a never-ending clock, drumming ugly colors of all emotions around the room, “I didn't fuck her, but she–shit, she gave me her number–”

Cutting him off with a sob he so desperately tried to hold back, “Y-yeah no shit she gave you her number.”

“– *After* we made out, felt each other up,” a shaky breath, “I would have slept with her if, I, she, no, if one of her friends didn't come and drag her away,” clearing his throat, “I ended up going home with one of her girls instead,” drawing circles onto Dream skin, almost like a nervous tick. “I'm sorry.” Is all he whispers.

He didn't care for the sentiment in that way, he never got possessive over her, still, it made his hands fist up.

Like the air had been punched out of him, coughing dramatically as he leaned up – pulling Georges hands off him, body feeling cold, he wanted to go back in his arms – let the brunet hold him, let the other try to swipe away the blue with sweet, pink, British words, “Why the fuck didn’t you tell me?”

Glossed over mocca meeting green ones – forest eyes filled with liquid sorrow, he didn’t let the smaller speak before he weakly asked, “Like, before the fucking threesome.”

“I-I figured,” nervously trying to pull Dream back, making the blond's eyes flutter, wet lashes hitting his under eye. And Dream let him – let the man drag him down with a sniff, void in his gut traveling at record speeds all over his insides, making him numb again, “I figured you knew, that she- that she had talked about me.”

Bringing a hand to wipe under his nose, old tears drying on his cupid's bow, “Of course she didn’t fucking talk about you.” Regardless of the venom he was spitting, he came crawling back to George's arms, letting the man look at him with a trembling lip before embracing him fully.

Taking a deep breath, lungs stuttering at the intake, surrounding his senses yet again was the essence of George, *a pretty british boy his girlfriend supposedly found on a dating app*, a singular wet drop fell down his cheek at the thought, running down his neck, landing in the puddle by George’s throat, “It’s ok, angel.” George whispers, tightening his arms around Dream.

Feeling the brunet rest his head on top of his, “Why did you just call me *angel* ?”

“Oh, sorry I–”

Hiccupping as he cuts the man's apology off, murmuring into the pale skin making the words muffled, “Your name for me is always– always blondie,” almost like he's embarrassed to say it.

George’s teasing hands falter for a moment, letting out a wet laugh, “Mhm you want me to keep calling you *blondie*, huh?” Dream’s heart skipped a beat, speckles of pink fighting for dear life to break through, maybe he would let it.

Silence dawns upon them again, and it's comfortable – never awkward, light touches and light nibbles delivered to George's chest at points, making the brunet hiss with a grin. He could get used to this, this boy made his brain think way too much – at the same time, mocca eyes glinting with understanding gave him hope.

Mocca was definitely more beautiful than chocolate.

A door closing in the distance makes him jump, yellow and black tightening his throat immediately, “Hey, it’s ok,” George interrupted before his mind could start wandering again, giving a small peck to his forehead, “Let’s just get up, alright?”

Letting out a sound in agreement he started pulling away weakly, *fuck he really needed to sleep*, two heavy sessions of sex ruining his thighs, skin dirtied with bodily fluids.

Mind constantly running with alarm clocks.

A slight creak to his knee, standing to his full height, watching the brit do the same, warm breath as they just stare – mocca staring back. Feeling the tip of his ears heat crimson with his pulse.

“Blondie?”

Shaking his head, golden locks swaying in front of green, “I–I don’t wanna think more about *this* tonight, but, but thank you.” Whispering the last part looking down at his exposed feet.

“Yeah, no–of course, no problem.” George echoes back, voice awfully low – throat still raspy, slowly turning away with a light smile, before Dream grabs his wrist on impulse, pale skin feeling like cotton candy under his fingertips.

Gently yanking the brunet closer, biting down on his trembling lip, brown eyes just watch the man’s action unfold with a slight furrow to his brows – a little grin dancing on his face, “What is it, Dream?”

He couldn’t tell what colors roamed his gut when he nimbly captured the brit’s chin in his palm — the man’s barely-there stubble tickling his hand, “Can I, can I kiss you?” Opening his mouth in shock at his own words, eyes fluttering, his lashes felt crusty and weak as black started seeping over his spine, “No, what the fuck, sorry I–I,” *he can’t be kissing a man, he can’t be wanting to kiss a–*

Before he knew it, supple lips were pressed against his, it felt... familiar – making him stiffen

before relaxing into the heat with a sigh, lips seductively skimming on each other, it was all awfully careful. His heart hammered faster and faster and faster, pink shooting through his veins as the tips of his eyebrows perked nervously.

He just fucked the man, still, cherry lips tasting one another *now* , made his heart flip, lower abdomen roaming with butterflies of all colors, pink, blue, black –

It's wrong.

It's right.

He wants to run away.

He wants to drag him closer.

Lungs filled with fuzz, feeling a shy tongue lick his bottom lip, asking oh-so softly for entrance, and he let it, grabbing ahold of the boy's waist to deepen it. Breathing through their nostrils as tongues and lips sped up, teasing bites here and there.

“Fuck,” George grunted out in an accent, throwing his hands in golden locks, pressing their faces impossibly closer, sharing spit like there was no tomorrow, neither of the boys realizing they were walking backward before they hit the door with a thud.

All his previous worries seemingly disappear for a moment, when all his mind can think of is a pretty british boy he wants to ruin – wants to kiss, how beautiful he is. Squeezing the boy's sides as he turns his head to the left for better access, a faint moan is let out as nails scrape all over him.

“Dream!”

“Shit,” he breathes against spit-covered lips as his heart jumps out of his chest, hands starting to shake when he pushes away hastily, “Yeah?” Dream yells, hoping she would hear him – or rather, wishing she wouldn't, would just go away. Let him continue this comfort in foreign lips.

Mocca eyes widened for a split second, clearing his throat as he took a few steps back. Almost

letting out a sound at the loss of warmth, cock barely stirring, “We’ll come out now!”

Opening the door jerkily, he hears a high-pitched voice ask, “We?”

He felt like he could fall locking eyes with chocolate again – and not in a good way, her sweet eyes made every color that was previously present vanish, instead this *ugly, disgusting, hateful, bright, fucking yellow* – “Yeah, *we*, George is still here.”

Her eyes travel across his exposed torso, “I–weren’t you gonna drive him home?”

A hiccup, looking down to hide the red in his eyes, “Uh, I showed him some code–”

“You code?” George interrupted, looking to the side he saw brown eyes glint, if he had a tail it would be wagging, “I, shit–”

“What?” Mia deadpans, shifting his gaze to her with a wrinkled nose – eyes still feeling puffy, slowly walking towards her to wrap his hands around her midsection.

“Fuck, I showed him some code, wanna eat breakfast?” Dream weakly tries his best to shift the topic. Hands feeling like acid where he was holding her clothed sides, “I really want bagels.” He suggested with a faux smile.

He felt a presence move behind him, Mia stood dumbfounded, her response a little airy, “I mean, yeah, sure,” shifting her eyes to the brunet, “What do you wanna eat, George?”

“Oh, I should, I should probably head hom–”

“No!” The couple both sang, the taller blond clearing his throat, “We wouldn’t send you home after all of... *that* .”

The room filled with tension, everyone just sending glances at each other, rolling his tongue as he toyed with her sides, comparing it to George’s, how his was harder – more muscle. He caught mocha eyes on his own as the brunet spoke, eyes drifting down to where Dream was holding Mia, “I–yeah, bagels probably fine.”

It's what they wound up doing after that dreadful reunion, all three in the kitchen, small chatting about needing sleep and a shower – awfully domestic even with an extra person. Everyone was still half-naked and bruised, sitting around the table – George in front of them, chewing away on some way-too-dry bread.

Chocolate eyes roaming over the brunet's chest, openly eyeing him up. Dream's gut churned at the visual, why she was looking at him, and not the blond. Why is it making green jealousy spring, never once felt that way over her prior – *not even when the brit fucked her*.

A clank of a butter knife makes him look away from her, down at his food, mother always told him not to play with his food growing up, but it was better than watching the other two eye fuck. Or rather, Mia eye fuck George.

“So, do yall wanna do it again?” She asked after some peaceful quiet, cockiness dripping off her words. He saw mocca eyes panic, choking on his food as he looked between the two blonds.

Dream acted nonchalantly, still in his head about this newfound information about himself, *about his fucking girlfriend*, “Like, when?” Feeling a slender hand grab ahold of his bicep, not sparing her a glance as he kept his eyes on the other boy with a dull smirk.

Watching how the brunet fumbled, how his mouth closed and opened repeatedly. Understandable, he gets it, truly, he himself would have been shocked. George not able to speak before Mia beats him to it, “I could go again now.”

Finally the brit spoke up with a scoff, “My dick would fall off.”

He couldn't help the grin that spread on his face at the words, letting out a dead laugh, "Yeah, no, same."

Hand on his body leaves him jerkily, turning to see Mia with a little pout toying with her food, "Why 'you guys so fucking boring." She mumbles.

"She really is needy, huh?" George teased, it was good seeing the dynamic come back. Not feeling the need to put on this fake show, letting the brunet steer the conversation, "But," George starts again, biting his lip looking at Dream, "If you– I mean *you guys* really wanna do it again sometime, I'm – I'm up for it?" His face looked like a question mark, trying to communicate to Dream with his eyes – the blond just winked at him licking over ivory.

Mia perked beside him, letting out an agreement, "I do."

Of course she does.

"Mhm, it was hot," The other blond stated, shining George a second smile, "Let me at least sleep and shower though." Swallowing down another piece of bread, pupils blowing up thinking of all the things he could do, having to hold back a laugh when he asks, "You wanna try something a little more kinky?"

George looked utterly whiplashed by the blonds new behavior, he'd just had the man crying on him a mere hour ago, "Dream– are you–"

"Shit, yeah," Mia cuts him off, no regards to the brunet's stammering, "What kinda *kinky* are you thinking of?"

Rolling his tongue over cherry lips, tasting faintly of British ones, "Cuffs, blindfolds, whatever." He falsely suggested, "That's up to you, Mia," finishing with a cough.

"Or..." Snaking an arm around her waist to drag her in, softly nibbling her ear lobe leaving yellow drops on his lips, whispering loud enough for George to hear, "Want us tying you down?" A squeeze to her sides, "Use you?" He knows that's exactly what she wants, a privilege you get from fucking the same person since highschool.

"Yes, god—" Tuning her out when he saw mocca eyes hood slightly, shifting his body, confusion

gone from his face. It made a crinkle appear on his forehead watching the other boy eye her hungrily, George should be looking at him that way, not *her*. That same feeling he got prior blossoming hues of greens in his chest, “You up for that, George?”

“Yeah.” The brit breaths, finally looking at Dream again with an unreadable expression.

“Alright then.”

They ended up finishing their food, small conversations about certain *activities*. Mia had jumped to the pedestal when George asked for a ride home, telling the man they had a spare bed, toothbrush, you name it. Both boys looked taken aback by the words, before “*I mean sure,*” George had agreed, much to Dream’s surprise.

Taking turns in the showers and going on with their day after some well-deserved sleep, no worries of an extra person joining their routine. It was kind of calming in a way, the brunet’s presence making his brain, just, *pause* for a moment. Finding comfort in having someone that understands around.

Even if he didn’t want to think of *what* he understood.

Lazily lounging around watching some shit reality show, to the blond's dismay – Mia was snuggling up to his side, running her acrylics over his clothed chest. Biting his tongue all day to not let his disgust shine through.

George had gotten a spare set of joggers after the shower, and he tried – he really did, tried not to look at the man, how his own clothes were hanging loosely off his figure.

But he's just a man, and all that.

Just a man with this newfound pleasure of seeing pretty boys wearing his clothes.

The brunet was on the other side of Mia again, not cozying up, just sitting – mocca eyes trained on the boring television. Dream could reach him if he tried, having his arm over the back of the couch, his body almost screaming at him to just move his hand forward slightly to poke him – *to feel him* .

A huff from the girl as she sits up, he got a whiff of her sickeningly sweet shampoo when she did so, making his nose wrinkle. Her thigh knocking into George's, "What are we even watching?"

"I dunno, you put it on." He yawned, looking to the left at them then looking back, before doing a double-take; seeing her place her pinky on the brunet's thigh – stiffening at the action, but not saying anything, green starting to buzz through his veins as the hand traveled further.

George all but leaned his head back lightly, coughing, "I uhm, I think it's something about, about marriages, or some shit." Mia's hand fully on top of him, drawing circles on his outer thigh with her thumb.

He didn't know what possessed him to do it, but seeing her feeling him up– *right beside him*, made this almost competitive nature take over. Gingerly pushing forward a tiny bit to run his blunt nails down George's neck, resting his hand there like a necklace, like a phantom touch of a chokehold, just backwards.

"Why are we watching that?" Mia asked, with no intention of getting any actual answers, just a shitty attempt at distracting Dream, snaking her hand upwards to lay by his inner thigh – squeezing there and making George stutter his breath.

Dream could have scoffed at the whole scene, finding the brunet's pulse points on the side of his throat, nape in Dream's palm – the brit's heartbeat pulsating under his fingertips as he ever so tactfully squeezed there, "Like I said, you put it on." Dream spoke, equally trying to distract her.

A faint swear can be heard muttered under the man's breath, shifting his hips lightly, "Guys, you–"

"What?" The blond couple asked in unison, Dream let his chokehold go, Mia, however, kept teasingly roaming her hand. "What is it, George?" He asked again, scraping his hand over dark locks, tugging carefully.

Green eyes watching George like a hawk, how his bulge got more prominent – not hard, just stirring to life, “Uh, nothing.” Mia’s acrylics continue to roam, Dream's fingers scraping on the side of his throat.

Mocca irises glinting with something unreadable, body sinking into the cushions as the couple kept teasing their hands on him – discreetly, trying not to alert each other. And George took it, feeling like a mere buffer in their competitive nature.

A little whine from an extra hard tug, the brunet breathes out, “Fuck! You uh – did you guys wanna do that, that threesome?” Shaking his head as Dream removes his grip, “Cause,” George started with a confident chuckle, because of course it is, the man’s always on some sort of high horse, “I’m horny, and if you guys are gonna keep touching me lik–”

“Jesus, yeah ok,” Dream laughed, a grin dancing on his lips, “You really don’t have a filter, do you?” Ignoring how Mia’s hands on the man drove him up the wall, he wanted to rip them off him.

Speak of the devil and she shall appear, “Mhm, you two babies got enough rest?”

It looked like George wanted to do something, licking his lips, shifting his gaze between the two blonds, “Don’t worry about that, princess.”

Dream felt his whole face contort at the pet name, “ *Princess* ,” he mocked, realizing he said it out loud he cleared his throat, “She’s no princess, I’ll tell you that much.” Trying to excuse it as teasing.

“Mhm,” George mumbled, standing to his full length, “Wanna go?”

Much like their first night together, they stumbled over each other into the dim-lit room. Dream didn’t push her against a door this time, rather telling her to grab the cuffs – fluffy ones, Mia buying them some years ago wanting to *experiment* .

Mia turns around on her merry way to the bedside, so obviously, he catches George’s waist behind her back, making the brit stutter. Traveling a palm up his chest, feeling the boys slight muscle flex under his palm – a lone finger skimming across his jaw, tilting his chin so he could whisper directly in the man's ear, “I didn’t like how she was touching you on the couch.” Placing his other

hand on the boy's hip, grinding carefully against his ass, "Tryna touch you, as if I couldn't see it."

Taking a second to breathe, the softness of George's backside rubbed against him, tightening his grip on the boy's hips, a bruising one – he wanted it to bruise, to leave magenta and carmine handprints all over his pale skin. Warm fuzz blossoming in his chest from the simple contact.

"Dream—" George starts, cutting himself off as the blond pushes him towards the bed seeing Mia turn around. Putting on a faux smile he clears his throat, already feeling heated in anticipation. *This boy made him feel like a fucking virgin.*

Seeing her pull out pink cuffs – yellow would suit her better, his mind supplies. It's almost cliché, a blond chick with hot pink restraints dangling from her pointer, "George, do you mind helping her?" Not wanting to involve himself more than necessary.

The brunet does just that, feeling up her sides as he gingerly undresses her, shifting his gaze to the ground and pulling off his own hoodie, hand finding home over his barely-there bulge – palming, trying to get some blood pumping.

Head falls back as visions of a certain boy engulf his head, closing his eyes hard trying to focus on *how his pretty lips parted, how he felt tightening around him like a glove, milky skin making a mess of himself*. Grunting as the hand started going more vigorously.

"What are you doing, Dream?" An annoyingly all-too-familiar voice asked, not opening his eyes as he bit his lip, grumbling, "Trying to get hard, can't you see?"

"Feisty." George laughed, and somehow it made his cock perk, hearing his *smart-arse* mouth, as Dream once called it.

"Is that coming from *you*?" The blond couldn't help but chuckle back, tongue peeking out between his toothy grin, mind swarming with the brunet trying so desperately to stay in control.

A scoff, "You'll get there, come over here." She should have only known, it wasn't as simple as just *you'll get there*, years of history already proving that.

Sighing as he looks down at them, George lazily stroking himself, Mia – well, Mia laying awfully naked, hands above her head in the cuffs running behind a metal bar. Her breasts sloping slightly,

laying flat, “Tell me the safe words.” George pipes up.

Walking towards them as she lists out the three colors, shrugging off his sweats feeling like a hunter hunting his prey watching her all bound like this, George had this similar look painted on his face.

His heart drumming ugly yellow, but he goes for it anyways as he joins them on the bedding, the brunet delivers a light nibble to her thigh, “You look pretty like this,” he mumbles into her subtle flesh.

And fuck.

He hates it.

Fucking hates those words uttered from the boys mouth. Clicking his tongue as he observed the two play around – seeing the brunet already sporting a boner. Feeling himself grow watching the man, how he teases her body, marking her faintly.

He can almost envision them at the bar messing around, dancing, skimming of hands traveling looking for a quick fuck. It's confusing though, the two boys are almost polar opposite of each other, small sparks of black starting to fall around his skin. Maybe Dream wasn't her type?

Maybe it didn't matter what her type was if it meant she got laid.

Letting out a shaky breath, he should probably get in on the action before his mind takes him too far, occupying her right side, while George the other half. Her eyes shifted between them with a light smirk, ivory flashing behind her sugary lips.

She loved the attention, Dream could bet on it. And he would indulge her just a little bit, smiling to himself as he licks up her throat. “Want to make George feel good?” He purrs.

“Yeah–fuck, yeah.”

The smaller of the two worked his way to sit on her chest, stroking her flushed cheek before

tapping his cock on her lips, “Of course you do.” George sang darkly, the room swirled with so many fucking colors, his head felt like exploding, but he told himself it would all be worth it.

And it would.

Trying to ignore the other two as he placed himself between her legs, caressing her calves to alert her. Vision blocked by George’s back, watching how his shoulder blades shifted as he placed himself. Dream’s throat hiccuped before gently taking the brunet’s arm – raising it so he could poke his head between the brit’s biceps and waist.

Mia looked minorly confused before ignoring the close contact, George’s hand fell over Dream’s neck, grabbing a hold of a tan shoulder. He could feel the rise and fall from George’s sides like this, studying how the girl’s lips enclosed around a pink tip.

His own cock rubbing against her inner thigh, “You like that, *angel* ?” Pet name felt like venom on his lips – venom that seeped down from his words to his chest making his heart thump harder. The brunet dug his nails down in Dream’s biceps like it was mold, probably confused with where he was going with it all.

Finally, chocolate eyes mixed with green ones at the words, and he felt like it was Christmas, licking over his fangs as he oh-so-slowly turned his face left to ghost his lips against George’s waist, making him let out a moan as his cock went down her throat, “Shit–”

Her eyes wrinkled, and even more-so as Dream licked a stripe over his midsection, salty skin running under his tongue. Small hands flexing in its restraints, coughing making George pull out, “Need a breather?” British accent laced with understanding, soft pink dripping off of his words.

Mia’s face permanently stuck in a confused state, “I – uh, no, I just–” Dream snaked his arm around George’s hips as she talked, resting it on the boy’s thighs, “Dream, are you–why are you–”

“You gonna suck him off or not?”

With a shake of her head she looked back up at George, the sight was –he guessed– arousing for someone else, “Yeah–yes.” And at that the brunet pushed in with a grunt, tan hands continuing their exploration of the smaller man’s body, Mia’s eyes, when not in a heated staring contest with George, followed the blond’s movement.

He gets it though, he himself would have done a double-take if his awfully straight partner was acting, well, not exactly *straight* . Fed up with the position, he removes himself from the scene, not wanting to look at the tension building between the other two.

Ruffling his golden locks, running a hand down George's back softly, resisting the urge to drag him towards his chest. *Fuck it* , as he hooked his chin on his shoulder – hand on his spine moving to his stomach, he loved the feeling of pale skin, silky under his fingertips. Ever so slowly dragging it up his chest – leaving a flick to his nipple before resting around his throat. A singular finger tilts George's chin towards his head, making them face to face, “Hi there.”

The brunet's hips continue their movement, his length sliding in and out of metaphorical yellow lips, whispering, “What are you doing?”

He knows the other was trying to stay quiet but it made him laugh, pupils blowing thinking of all the things he could say, his other hand travels down to grab a base of George's cock, speaking loud enough for both to hear, looking down into confused chocolate eyes to talk to her, ignoring George, “This is what you wanted, isn't it?”

His mind swarming with every color under the sun, pushing George's hips to help shove his cock down her throat, never relenting his gaze with her, “George's dick down your throat?” Voice stern, spitting fire he hoped would hurt, “Isn't that what you wanted?”

She mumbled something around the intrusion he couldn't decipher.

So he jerkily ripped the brunet off his girlfriend, making her gasp out, placing both boys between her legs, pushing their bodies flushed almost like a petty kid saying *it's mine* . Dream's head resting on atop of a pale shoulder again, the hand he had on the base of Georges cock starting to move slightly.

“Dream what th–”

“Or was that a one-time thing at the bar?”

“What are–”

Letting out an ugly laugh as he cuts her off again, “I get it though, he's beautiful.” George grunts at

that as Dream continues his movements, the boy just stuck in the middle of some rivalry. Pink flaring up his skin at the contact, yellow swallowing his mind at the conversation.

Gently – or as gently he could when red started hammering throughout the room, he pushed George away to the other side of the bed. Hastily looming over Mia to grab her chin, leaning down to speak directly in her face, “You feel good, no, I mean, you were warmth for my dick,” Yanking her face as their eyes mix with toxic intent, “But he feels fucking amazing.”

“You fucked him?” She spat, nose wrinkling with disgust. He can hear George move around but refuses to relent his gaze from her.

“Before you managed to.” He full-on grinned like it was some sort of competition.

This ugly look on her face, “Of course you're one of them.”

Dream’s smile falters a little bit, grip around her chin tightening before George speaks up, “Is that a problem?” His voice was cold, not this normal teasing attitude he always wore, just painstakingly cold. Standing by the side of the bed playing with the keys to the cuffs – holding a hand over his junk for decency.

Her demeanor changed when George got involved, because of course it did, “I-I mean–”

“Save it.” George starts bored as he moves up to free her from her restraints, “You’re fucking stupid for inviting someone *you cheated* with to fuck your boyfriend.” Cuffs falling off with a rattle.

She rubs her wrist before sitting up on her knees in record speed, grabbing Dream’s chin as he had done to her, their noses bump and a spark of disgust flies between them, “When did you start fucking guys, Dream?” She spat like it was some sort of insult.

“When did you turn into such a whore?” Voice gravelly – almost tired, trying his best to keep his cool, black storming up around them, goosebumps finding place again.

“Since your dick stopped working!”

It goes quiet at that, a moment of intense staring, before grabbing her wrist, yanking her off the bed towards the door, “Maybe it doesn't work ‘cause of *you*,” pushing her out to the hallway, feet rubbing on the carpeted floor, “Go to your mom’s and tell her how much of a slut you are!”

She tried barging in again, before he delivered a shove to her shoulder, “Go.” Red flush spreading on his chest – this deep grotesque crimson.

“Give me fucking clothes.”

Staring at her exposed body, distaste wrinkling his face, “You probably wouldn’t mind walking around naked on the streets.”

“Dream, give me my fuckin–”

Not letting her finish before slamming the door in her face, flicking the lock in place, “Take some dirty shit from the laundry!” Dream belted, bottom lip between ivory as he hangs his head low, door handle rattling, “Fucking leave, I paid for the place!”

Taking a deep breath clearing his throat like nothing happened, gently shifting his face towards the other in contrast to his yelling. George splayed out on the bed, a hand behind his head, a silken duvet covering his crotch.

Mocca and forest green mix, and not for the last time. It’s tense, but Dream didn’t really care, not able to keep it in as he burst out laughing, George looked mildly shocked, “Are you laughing after all *that* ?”

He looked like the embodiment of a puppy getting a treat, grin on his face walking towards the bed to jump on top of the brit, “I just don’t care anymore, to be honest.” He rejoiced, crawling between the brunet’s legs, laying his face on his chest, a elegant hand was quick to tangle in his locks.

“I mean, you did just, I don't know, break up?” George’s heartbeat found home under his ear again.

“Yeah,” he breathes, “And it feels good.” Allowing himself the comfort in George’s arms for just a moment, this lingering black in his lungs still – but he knows it’s for the best, he knows no reason to deny it.

"Can't believe this is why you said yes to the threesome," George laughed, vibrating Dreams face from the rumble, "You, you could have told me, idiot!"

Their *threesome* lasted a weak ten minutes, and he's never been more grateful for not having sex, hands scratching his scalp in the comfort of a pretty *boy* instead, feeling like bricks had been lifted off of his shoulders as pink sprouted.

"Shh."

"Idiot." Fondness lacing beneath the British accent.

"Fuck." George breathes, choking on a sob, only coaxing Dream to go harder – not too hard, just deep, slowly rolling his hips into the brunet. Couch creaking with every thrust of his.

They kept it going – kept meeting each other at various places, not always simply for sex, just to savour time together after a stressful day, Mia long gone, she came back packing her shit – which led to Dream calling George up asking for a visit to escape; the pretty boy he's driving his cock into now.

Maybe that threesome was the best thing that happened to him.

A hand on the man's chin to force eye contact, watching his pretty mocca irises gloss over, his other hand lubed up teasingly stroking his cock in time with the awfully slow thrusts, "I told you: don't come."

They learned each other's bodies with time, taking moments to slow things down, let their bodies seductively dance around each other in silk sheets, cherry lips ghosting over collarbones and necks,

whispering sweet nothing into salty skin.

Now though, he wants to see if the boy could crumble with the sweet words.

Leaning down to nibble his jaw, breath warm against his scalp as George grunts, “Dream, *fuck* .” Pink smoke all around them as his tip grazes his prostate, tightening around the base of his cock.

“You’re gorgeous,” upping his hips slightly, pressing their foreheads together, it was true, the man was beautiful. He wanted to see how long the other would hold out – how long until he broke.

Lightly focusing on his head as he shifted to sit up, to hold George’s hips down for better leverage. Angling so he knows he hit the golden spot every time – his warm lubed up hand working on George’s tip, making him sputter, “Dream, *holy shit* , I don't know how long I can last.”

“ *Tsk* , I said you can’t cum just a second ago.” With a vicious grin, the blond started jerking the smaller man’s cock, hips gaining more momentum, his muscles screaming at him to change how he was sitting, but refusing – doing everything in his power to please the man under him.

The brunet throws his hands back to hold onto the armrest. He felt so tall looming over him in this position, how fucking pretty George looked looking up at him with big wet eyes.

The brunet’s face contoured to this power-hungry one, gritting his teeth with a furrow to his brows – looking like an offended cat, “You trying to see how long I last? *Shit* , is that what you're doing?”

Flashing the man a shining smile before slamming into him, making mocca roll with a moan, knuckles turning white where he was holding on behind him. He would never get tired of this look, still not over how groundbreaking the other felt around him, sweaty bangs sway as he moans out himself.

“I'm just telling you, don’t cum.” He states once again, laughing to himself as he does everything in his power to make the other reach his climax, despising his teasing words. Hand tactfully working over his shaft, trying to coax it into releasing, feeling the stiffness twitch in his palm, as walls tighten around his cock.

“I won’t, I won’t–” George whined with a sour face, he looked good like this, straining every limb he had to stop the pink build-up of an orgasm, sweat coating posh skin, almost making it sparkle.

“No? You're not gonna cum?” As everything around them quickened – heartbeats, hips, jerking of the man's cock. Dream's whole body was actually screaming at him at this point. Needing a break, shaking his head with a grunt, still refusing.

A pool of precum leaked out, mixing with the heated lube that spilled on his stomach, “ *Holy shit – I won't*–” cutting himself off with another whimper, shutting his eyes *hard* – making them crinkle all over.

Leaning over to lick a stripe on the side of his neck, disgusting salt exploding in his mouth – *and he loved it* . Voice rough around the edges as he whispers a taunt to the boy's ear, “Don't cum, George.” Trying harder to make the boys body fail him, focusing his movement on George's cock, rather than hips.

He felt all of the brit's muscles strain again, how his legs started shaking where they laid around Dream's waist, “I said, *fuck* , I won't,” George choked on a sob as his breath hitched, *and god* , it sounded beautiful.

Having enough, he removed his iron hold on the man's hip, and grabbed his chin again, yanking him, “Look at me.” And George did, slowly cracking his eye up, moccasins shining with arousing tears – a singular drop fell as they locked gazes. Drak strands of hairs bouncing in tandem with Dreams thrust.

Panting – *grunting* in each other's mouths as the brunet's lips trembled, trying his best to keep their eye contact, Dream would give him a gold star for effort, smirking as he moves faster, “Look at you– *fuck* ,” cutting himself off with a grunt, arms starting to burn from the jerking motion, “Trying so hard to be good.”

“You–you're the one being good.”

“Come on now, that isn't gonna work on me, George.” Nonetheless the blond feels the coil start bubbling in his gut, “You look so desperate trying not, not to cum.”

Green eyes blown, shining with power watching how the man under him started losing himself more, “There you go.”

“Sh-shut up.”

“Don't tell me you gonna cum, are you?” Faux disappointed behind golden words, forearms felt like they were burning from the strain, thighs in the same predicament, wet lewd sounds echoing around George’s living room walls. Pale legs shaking around Dream’s figure, sounds getting more and more high-pitched.

“I can’t, Dream, *fuck*, I can’t.” The brunet sobs out again, eyes shutting permanently.

He just tsks, a sadistic grin spreading seeing him break, “You can,” voice deep, stern like authority, feeling water prickle his own eyes from the burn, huffing through it to jerk the man's cock, ramming into his sweet spot, “Don’t cum.”

“Dream—”

Everything around him tightened impossibly, making him stutter his hips, quickly regaining his pace again to chase his own pleasurable pink, spitting faux words down at the other, “Shit, you can, don’t, don’t do it.”

“Fuck you, I can't!” George all but screams as his under eyes wetten, face turning crimson in concentration, then he feels it: the brunet’s cock starting to pulsate as he babbles out, “I won't, I won’t, sorry—” like it's the only words he knows, clear white dirtying both boys chests as George’s orgasm hits him, whimpering as Dream’s own climax falls on him like a truck seeing the other’s desperate squirming.

“Holy shit—” and he's done for himself, painting the insides of George, claiming him – he wishes it would, leave an imprint of his cock inside the other, ruin him for anyone else. Waves of pink bliss crashing down, buzzing throughout his body, riding it out, muttering an *are you ok* in the haze of it all.

“Fu-fuck, yeah, more than ok.” The brunet swallows, letting out a dry moan.

Not removing himself from the other, simply taking a moment to breathe as the ecstasy shimmers down, George's all-to-familiar heartbeat comfortably under his ear again, dainty hands scratch over his back, surely leaving crimson marks – and he lets them.

Peppering kisses on the expanse of his chest, his own chest flares with pink – making him warm all over, he can’t put a finger on it, but it's so sweet he wants to push the other so close they mesh into

one being, he wants to devour him, hold the man's pretty flushed cheeks and never let go.

Looking up at him with big eyes from where he's resting his head on George's torso, just looking at him, it's all he needs, tilting his head like a puppy, still breathless "I-I really like you."

George runs his palms over Dream's face with a moan caught in his throat, gently dragging his thumb over a freckled cheek, voice slurry, "I really like y-you too, blondie, don't worry." He whispers into the room. Only making the corners of his lip tug more, kissing up, up, up, up his throat, leaving nibbles on his jaw.

"Like, I really really like you." Dream mumbled kissing the corners of his mouth, diving in for a lingering kiss.

Both boys smile against the lips of the other man, noses gliding across each other, "I really *really* like you too." George laughs, throwing his head back as his giggles fall over, Dream feels tightening around his length where he's still connected to the brunet, but he doesn't mind, just observes him with a fond smile.

Shifting his hips to get the attention on him again, making both parties whine, "I mean it!"

George looks down, locking mocca onto jade green like they always did – always this way of communicating through their gazes, biting down on his bruised lips, "I know you do," bringing their faces close again, "Why so sappy today, you get some dick and you—"

Not able to hold back his own laugh as he scooped the brunet in his hands, shifting and falling back on the couch, making George sit on top of him with a bounce, still connected through his length, "Shut up, you're such an idiot." Placing his hands on pale thighs caging his crotch, *pretty*.

Studying how the skin on his tummy rolled when he sat like this, how beautiful it was – how his half-hard cock lay against his left thigh when George speaks up, "Does this mean you feel better now?"

"How?" Dream softly asked back, drawing circles into his skin.

"The whole coming to terms with things?"

Sending the smaller man a grin, "I'm not gay."

George's face stiffens at the words and Dream rolls his eyes, thrusting his hips up to startle the other, hearing a faint grunt from the action, "I'm joking."

Continuing talking before the brunet got a chance to, thrusting his hips harder to make the other fall on his chest, bringing George's face into his neck gingerly, caressing his locks, "But maybe, maybe don't call me that." He mumbles into dark tufts of hair, smelling of a shampoo he has come to know and love.

"Oh?" George sighs, shifting his head up to lock eyes again, pink shooting through every possible nerve ending of his body as he looks at his flushed face.

"Cause, I don't know yet." The brunet sends a look at those words, which Dream just kisses away, speaking into his cherry mouth, "All I need to know is how much I love breaking you," biting the man's bottom lip, displaying pearly white teeth, "And how gorgeous you are when I do."

"You like breaking me, blondie?"

He might not label it.

But he knew his love for making pretty british boys flush.

Dream quite enjoyed the colors that came with it as well.

Specifically pink and mocca.

Chapter End Notes

[MY TWITTER](#)

Sooooooo, what do we think? Mocca was the first thing I ever wrote, and I love seeing how I changed from chap 1 to 3. You guys have, ahhh, I just love, thank you.

I really do plan on doing more in this AU, so ending a little opened ended, too early for I love yous and getting together. So I have so many plot points planned out, so look out for that, maybe some of Dream exploring.

End Notes

[MY TWITTER](#)

The next chapter is gonna start right off where this ended. dnf will fuck dw.

Haha so what prompted this whole story was a tweet I made on dnf, figuring your gay during a threesome when you're in a straight relationship lmao. A lot of the anger he felt toward his partner during this is based heavily on the thoughts going through my own head during my similar gay awakening - toxic as it might be I think it's kinda funny.

Kudos and mostly COMMENTS WOULD BE SO APPRECIATED! would love to hear feedback so I can improve for the next chapter, im still trying to learn how to write.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!